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CARLYLEAN COURTSHIP.

BY E. THORNTON COOK.

CHAPTER X.

'BE GOOD—BE DILIGENT.'

THE treasured holiday hours that Carlyle had hoped to spend with Jane Welsh were still his when the Bullers gave him a temporary release. She forbade a visit to Templand and a longing for his own people assailed him. Looking down from the coach as it reached Ecclefechan he recognised his own youngest sister Jenny among a bare-legged group of schoolchildren pausing to watch the change of post-horses, and walked with the bright-checked, tonguetied child to the small, newly whitewashed farm.

'Th'are like John, lad, a vast deal leaner sin' thou gaed awa', said his mother, pail in hand, greeting him on her way to the pigs, and Thomas looked at her with love in his eyes.

What could he give her? What did she need, this bright-eyed, active mother of his?

'Dear bairn, I want for naething,' she laughed when he insisted that she must buy herself something and let him enjoy it along with her. Putting him aside she went on to the styes, leaving Tom to find his father and gather Mainhill news from his brothers. 'Times were bad,' they told him, but the family was putting up a good fight. By feeding cattle, selling the barley and one odd thing and another, all hoped that at quarter-day the landlord's demands could be met.

'Only He who knows all things, kens what is before us,' said James Carlyle quietly.

'May the Lord make us wise,' added his wife with her eyes on her son's face.

Something had happened to 'oor Tam.' What was it? Mags and Mary, grown dignified and shy of this strange brother from Edinburgh, guessed that there was a lass behind his silences, but as the mother pointed out, 'no one asked such things,' and Thomas in his place 'down th'house,' ignorant of his sisters' surmises, sat contentedly among his own kith and kin, though occasionally he told himself that he was a mere unprofitable lout in the hive. What had he done to make good his place in the world?

When the brief visit ended and Jean and Jenny walked with him to the coach, he looked back to the farm on the low hillside with a prayer in his heart: 'May the great Father of all give me strength to do better in the time remaining; to be of service in the good cause in my day and generation; and, having finished the work which was given me to do, to lie down and sleep in peace and purity in the hope of a happy rising.'

Routine life began when Carlyle returned to Perthshire. He taught, worked at his translations, and watched the trickling stream of fashionable visitors, seeing them all as futile nonentities. Jane's letters alone broke the monotony of his days, and he would strain his eyes into the misty distance for hours, watching for the old grey postman on his grey pony who came shambling through the hills on his way to Aberfeldy, and thanking God for Jane Welsh; since he had known her there had been at least one sunny place in his thoughts.

He needed some such incitement to happiness, for, as the

months passed, Carlyle's health grew steadily worse. The old house in which he had his quarters was both damp and draughty, and the servants were lazy and careless of his comfort.

Could he endure until the Bullers returned to Edinburgh, where he might have control of his own eating, drinking and sleeping once more? Though Edinburgh, with its noise and stench and lodgment in the house of some slut of a rapacious landlady, would scarcely give him the peace he needed. Would it be wise to fling up his post altogether, put a chair, a table and a bed into the peel-house at Mainhill and settle there until he had finished both Schiller and *Wilhelm Meister*? Could he have a month's peace, sound sleep, and freedom from pain, he would be a new man and one capable of working miracles; as it was, he felt himself to be dying by inches.

'Oh Schiller! What secret had thou for creating such beings as Max and Thekla when thy body was wasting with disease? If I could *write*, that were my practical use.' He felt that original composition, if ten times as laborious as translation, would be an agitating, consuming fiery business into which a man could put his soul; his present work made him feel as if he were a shoemaker gathering leather into a boot. How happy he would be if he could make five hundred a year, such a sum as a pampered lord like Byron would scorn, yet one that, to him, would mean freedom—and Jane. Jane? Her letters were becoming disturbing; scarcely one but told of some importunate lover, or appealed to Thomas Carlyle for advice as to how she should dismiss a too impassioned swain. In a brief postscript he dealt with a German youth who, selling books from door to door, fell tumultuously in love with Jane at sight; but when she wrote that, all unconsciously, she had

charmed a farmer's son of such known violence of temper that she lived trembling, Carlyle urged that she should act promptly. First she must cut off hope, 'for Love without Hope is like a plant rooted out of the soil which withers in a day.'

The young man would be wretched, for of course Jane's decisive 'No' would be as crushing as a thunderbolt, 'but in six weeks,' wrote the philosopher, 'unless he is excessively idle, or has a mind far stronger, or weaker, than that of any man I have ever met, he will have learnt to look upon the affair with composure; in twelve months it will have faded from his mind.'

The answer set Jane frowning, and even Carlyle's assurance that he knew her conduct in the matter had been as spotless as an angel's failed to appease her. Could the man love her, that he treated her *affaires* so coolly? Did he think her a coquette? But oh, how dull life was and how shallow-pated everyone around her. Why did not the one man in whom she believed achieve something!

She fumed when Carlyle assured her that however slow he seemed there was spirit in him, as there was in the lame duck belonging to his little sister at Mainhill, which was still useful in her generation. Had not 'the Craw' guaranteed that, by the blessing of Providence, it would lay another five shillings' worth of eggs, before Christmas?

Unappeased, Jane let three weeks slip by before she wrote again.

Schiller became an accursed piece of work as Carlyle struggled on unhappily.

Deprived of tobacco by doctor's orders and dosed with mercury, he swore that he was a man immured in a rotten carcase, every avenue of which was changed into an inlet of pain. Now, shivering beneath a load of rugs, now, toil-

ing ankle-deep through half-melted snow while a whirlwind roared through the Pass of Killiecrankie, he wondered why he did not kill himself. Was there not arsenic to be had, rat's-bane of various kinds, good hemp and cold steel?

'I want health, health, health!' cried Carlyle to the winds that threatened to blow in his windows, and gathered fresh courage as the pain lessened. Time enough for hemp and steel and rat's-bane when he admitted defeat, which was not yet; there were books to be written and things to be said and done in the world; nor must there be blasphemy against the Almighty, who had given him superior understanding and high mental gifts despite the infernal disorder in his stomach. Talents must be used.

The *London Magazine* began to publish Carlyle's '*Schiller*,' and one day Mrs. Buller laid *The Times* before her son's tutor with some smiling comment. Here, at last, was recognition—here were compliments undoubtedly genuine. Thomas Carlyle read and read again. What happiness there would be at Mainhill—and here was proof for Jane, if such were needed.

With renewed vigour he turned to his translation of *Wilhelm Meister*; it might be that, through this work, he could seek an introduction to the author; perhaps some day he and Jane would go to Weimar and spend six months there together, drinking in poetry and philosophy at the feet of Goethe—a dream project indeed!

Turning out his daily stint of ten pages he found time to wonder how Jane's '*Tales*' were progressing. Published by Boyd such a book would make a fine beginning for her literary career.

'Work, work, my heroine,' he wrote to her. 'There is nothing but toil till we reach the golden summit—and then!—Oh do write to me constantly and often. Let no

week pass without writing to me, write all the sense and nonsense that is in your head, but write. We are one heart and soul for ever, and each of us has none but the other to love and look to . . . Love me with all your heart, as I do you . . . Be merry and love me !'

Such a letter was charming to receive, but Jane, hiding it away from her mother's keen eyes, felt alarmed. Thomas Carlyle's intentions were unmistakable and he was no traveller selling books, nor mere farmer's son, or a George Rennie, nor Dr. Fyffe to be put off with a game of battledore and shuttlecock.

Mercurial in temperament Jane wanted—yet did not want. What mischief had she done ? she asked herself. Why, oh why, had this man misunderstood her ? Confronted by an undoubted declaration of eternal love, though an indefinite proposal, Jane took fright. Oh, she must be plain of speech, for etiquette, the restrictions of young ladyhood, reserve of any kind might be fatal—and yet she could not bear the thought of losing altogether this man who was so unlike any other she had known.

'My friend, I love you,' wrote Jane boldly. 'I repeat it—oh, I know it is a rash expression, but *were you my brother I would love you just the same !*' Surely that was sufficiently unequivocal ? Surely even a Thomas Carlyle must realise that a sentiment so calm, so delightful, but so unimpassioned was not enough to reconcile a Jane Welsh to the life of a married woman in a state which carried with it duties and occupations Jane loathed. 'I will be your truest friend, but *not* your wife, no, never, never, were you as rich as Cræsus or as honoured and renowned as you yet shall be.'

She read her letter carefully. Would the recipient discard her entirely ? The thought was unendurable. What could she say that would bind him to her ? Somehow she

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must make it clear that she wrote as she did in anxiety for his peace of mind. At that very moment, so she told herself, she was watching a heart which threatened to break for her sake . . . Carlyle must not suffer in like wise !

'Write and reassure me if you can,' she begged. 'Your friendship is necessary to my existence.'

Wrapped in his plaid the old grey postman jogged down the glen on his old grey pony, and Carlyle read Jane's letter as he struggled with the wind.

Well, the dream was over. Somehow he must teach himself to honour the wisdom and decision of character Jane had shown in answering his wild epistle. Had he been absurd to speak so freely ? But no, life stripped of all its baseless hopes and beautiful chimeras would scarcely be worth living.

Never, except perhaps for five minutes at a time, had he actually believed that Jane would consent to be his wife, but often and for hours together his fancy had pictured scenes which, were Jane to share them, would have been sheer Heaven ; yet even in such dreaming he had been conscious of a lack which would have made even the blessing of her presence a curse. But like Jane he found the idea of a total break in their relationship intolerable. Somehow the friendship must be re-established and Jane persuaded that she need have no fear of painful consequences as far as he was concerned ; his heart was too old, and made of sterner stuff than to break for the disappointment of hopes that he had had no right to entertain.

'You love me as a sister and will not wed ; I love you in all possible senses of the word and will not wed any more than you. Does this reassure you ?' he wrote. 'I seek no engagement ; I will make none . . . Let me continue writing whatever comes into my head . . . By God's

blessing I will love you with all my heart and all my soul while the blood continues warm within me. I will reverence you. I will help you according to my slender powers . . . Love me for ever on whatever terms you please. Make me the confidant of all your sorrows and joys—find me some means of doing you an essential service, something that will make our relationship more than a pleasing dream when God shall see fit to put an end to it for ever . . . Adieu, my heart's darling !' . . .

Jane read with shining eyes and fast-beating heart, and Thomas Carlyle, working at Goethe on the hillside in the clear Scottish sunshine beside a bonfire of oak branches, thought the world a fair place. What a pity five score years and ten was all man's allotted span.

Every alternate day the old postman brought his mail-bags to Kinnard and Thomas Carlyle watched for Jane's letters, which, when they came, were as grateful as dew on the mown grass ; eagerly he set himself to answer them.

Let her tell him everything, remembering always that he was her brother and more than fifty brothers to the end of time. Let her believe, too, that Providence had created them for one another.

'Our souls are linked by the holiest ties,' wrote Carlyle, 'and I am determined to love you more every day I live. My love for you gilds my horizon ; without you all were bleak and sullen ; with you I feel I can stand against innumerable enemies. I trust we shall live to be the highest of earthly blessings to each other . . . God grant it ! . . . Go forward to success, my Princess . . . tire not and your name shall be great upon earth. Despise not small things, remember there was a day when Milton did not know his alphabet . . . Be good, be diligent and fear nothing.'

Jane laughed and sang and danced gaily in the old house

at Haddington, and Carlyle, working at *Wilhelm Meister* with what he described as 'the ferocity of a hyæna,' saw his task ending. The Bullers were going south, and for the printing of this book he must be in Edinburgh, from which Haddington was barely sixteen miles distant; he could gallop there every other day on his good horse Bardolph.

It would be the cruellest thing a mother ever did if Mrs. Welsh forbade his coming!

CHAPTER XI.

'WILHELM MEISTER.'

By train and coach Edward Irving came north to marry Isabelle Martin, to whom he had been engaged for eleven years. Reports of his amazing success preceded his arrival; everyone was reading the '*Orations*' which set out to refute the visions of Shelley and Byron, while pulpits in a dozen churches were at his disposal.

Jane Welsh sat under the returned celebrity when he preached in Haddington the Sunday before his wedding. Watching Irving's intent face, she wondered how much of his old feeling for her remained; in bitter mood she told herself that since London had absorbed him he had forgotten her, and Thomas Carlyle too, the vaunted friendship was a mere froth of profession. But an hour later Irving entered her mother's drawing-room with so delightful a plan that the girl vowed she would go out of her wits with joy. In brief, it was that, immediately after the wedding, Isabelle should invite Jane to spend the summer in London—and by some miracle Mrs. Welsh smiled approbation even when she heard that Thomas Carlyle might be a fellow-guest. Indeed, she listened with genuine interest when Irving

expressed faith in his friend, vowing that he had no more doubt of Carlyle's ultimate success than had Noah that the deluge would cease according to the word of the Lord. But London was the school through which Carlyle must pass.

'I have never been so glad before in all my life!' cried Jane, her swift imagination filling in details; 'it will be the happiest summer imaginable and I think the Almighty Himself must have put the idea into your head,' she told Edward Irving, scarcely listening when he warned her that he had no money and his home would have to be furnished piecemeal.

'A summer in London shall make a new being of me,' Jane promised. 'I'll set myself to perfect my character under your good counsel,' she added, looking up at her tall friend through her long eyelashes. 'I shall be happy—so happy!—and the happy are always disposed to be good, are they not?'

Relinquishing the conversation to her mother, Jane sat dreaming. She and Thomas Carlyle would be under the same roof, sharing the same occupations and amusements for three long months, with no tedious tasks to perform and no restraint to their happy companionship. In truth, she had done Edward Irving an injustice in thinking, even for a moment, that he was of the type that could forget old friends. She glanced across at him in contrition and even listened to what he was saying—

'Yes, Barry Cornwall—Procter, you know (son-in-law to Mrs. Montague, one of my congregation and a very noble lady)—Procter made a thousand pounds in his first London year and Carlyle has ten times his talent.'

'I wish Mr. Carlyle had finished *The Apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister*,' interrupted Jane. 'He ought to be work-

ing the precious mines of his own brain rather than drudging for Goethe.'

'That will come,' answered Irving; 'there have been none to reverence him in Scotland. And you? What have you been doing, Child of my Intellect?'

'Not overworking,' admitted Jane. 'As long as professional callers exist, as long as perishable silks and muslins are worn, as long as tea-parties and dinner-parties are in vogue I shall have enough idle business to keep me from too hard study.' She smiled, for her heart was singing—'London!—London!—In London Thomas Carlyle and I will find some better employment than translating *Wilhelm Meister* and an assortment of fairy tales!'

That night Jane looked through her own work in a critical mood. Could she be on the right line when every sentence was detached? She flung the manuscript aside in a passion of despair. Perhaps she was no genius after all but merely a worthless, conceited piece of two-and-twenty fit for no higher destiny than making puddings! But her mood changed swiftly: 'If I'm not a real genius I'm sure I could shine as leader of a *salon*!'

In the early days of his honeymoon Edward Irving found time to lay his London plan before his friend, but the 'rat' was gnawing again, Carlyle was in pessimistic mood, and he failed to make a convert; Jane should go, yes, but for him, Thomas Carlyle, such a project must remain a blessed vision.

'Nonsense, London is the school you need,' argued Irving. 'Believe me, Tom, you have within you powers which yet shall shine out to the confusion of those that now discredit them.'

'You seem to think that were I set down in a London

street, free to converse with such men as Coleridge and De Quincey, some strange development of genius would take place in me,' growled Carlyle. 'I tell you, Ned, help cometh not from the hills or valleys; my own right hand must work my deliverance or I am for ever captive and in bonds.'

'This I believe, friend Thomas,' said Edward Irving, flinging an affectionate arm across the other's shoulder, 'that there will come a time when your deep-seated sense of religion—that high attainment of soul that makes your mother superior to those around her—will yet make her son as superior among the literary men and the rich who are hereafter to company with him.'

Carlyle grunted and shook off the embarrassing arm. It seemed to him, in his morose mood, that if the extraordinary popularity, which Irving mistook for fame, lasted much longer, his friend might well become a kind of theological *braggadocio*, unless the prudence of his wife restrained him, checking the vanity and affectation which had grown up as rankly as other worthier qualities. He glanced at Isabelle sewing swiftly in the lamplight, yet looking up every now and then to cast an adoring glance at the man who was newly her husband.

What would Jane think of Isabelle? She was scarcely a person one could dislike, and yet Carlyle was aware that Jane would not like her. Seen, even under the kindly lamplight, Isabelle was without beauty, and although she might love her husband and possess a knowledge of housewifery, it did not compensate for a complete lack of ideas. As for this Mrs. Montague, of whom Irving talked persistently, Carlyle could imagine her as one of graceful demeanour and generous disposition, possessed of some thousands a year and showing a boundless admiration for

his reverence. Still, such a 'noble lady' might help Jane's development, although it was not conceivable that so fine a type would endure fashionable life for long. Had he not seen that useless class at Kinnard House striving to waste rather than use Time? Small wonder that many were driven to opium and scandal to fill their idle hours. Jane was meant for better things.

'Think it over and let me know how soon you will join us,' urged Irving as he and Carlyle parted; Irving and his wife to return to London and Carlyle to stay for a while in Edinburgh while *Wilhelm* was being printed, and then at Mainhill until such date as the Bullers summoned him to wheresoever they elected to settle.

For the moment Thomas Carlyle was not solitary. John had come to share his lodgings, and while the elder brother wrote doggedly at one end of the cluttered table the younger worked on bones, for Thomas would hear none of John's desire to adopt a literary life. Let him get a profession that would enable him to live; it was galling beyond words to exist on precarious windfalls.

'You're going to be a large, gawkie, broad-faced practitioner of physic, ride your own horse about the district, give aloe by rule, and make money, my boy,' he insisted. 'Work, Jack, work, and we two fellows from a nameless spot in Annandale shall yet show the world the pluck that is in the Carlyles.'

Eight years' seniority had its effect. John picked up a thigh-bone and Thomas addressed a batch of *Meister* to Haddington.

Oliver and Boyd had agreed to pay £180 for the first edition, and £250 should a second thousand copies find a market; succeeding editions should be Thomas Carlyle's own property. Of a truth he would have a goodly sum

to supply any need at Mainhill; the Carlylean creed was that that which belonged to one was to benefit all.

Stuffing a towel into his pocket, the long lean young man padded off for a bathe.

‘*Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship*’ received a mixed reception at Haddington. Jane brandished the sheets boldly, striving to impress not only her mother but ringleted Grace Welsh, the aunt who had so often infuriated her by insisting that ‘the gentlemen’ detested ‘learned young ladies’; but secretly the girl felt that Goethe was scarcely worthy of his translator.

‘A hundred and eighty pounds for the first edition only, mamma,’ reiterated Jane. ‘You see, Mr. Carlyle carries a veritable gold mine in his breast. If I could make a hundred and eighty pounds by my wits it would make me happier than falling heir to a million.’

‘Don’t be so emphatic, my dear Jane,’ said Aunt Grace, but Mrs. Welsh looked at the printed pages with considerable respect. ‘I’ll make a nice binding for them out of board and white ribbon,’ she promised. ‘And you may give Mr. Carlyle my best regards when next you write.’

‘Oh, mamma!’

The girl flitted off to her bedroom, where, for the sake of peace, she was permitted a fire during Grace Welsh’s visits, and made an effort to read the newly arrived sheets. ‘It’s queer,’ she told herself in bewilderment after an hour’s concentration. Why, oh why, had Carlyle not chosen to work on, say, the Maid of Orleans? She had wept for two days after reading that masterpiece, but could drop no tear for *Wilhelm’s* sorrows.

Wondering whether she would be able to extract a hun-

dred and eighty pence for the 'Tales' she was endeavouring to select and translate, Jane set out her books with the rueful reflection that the programme outlined for her by Thomas Carlyle could scarcely be accomplished under twenty years at her present rate of progress.

'I am snail-ishly slow,' she fumed, and then her eyes fell upon her loaded work-basket wherein lay three pairs of silk stockings waiting to be darned, and two muslin caps to be made. 'Oh, my time, my precious time!' wailed Jane, and fell to planning. Suppose she arose at 7.30 a.m. every day, dashed the sleep out of her eyes with cold water, combed her hair, but refrained from dressing until midday? Knowing her daughter was unfit to be seen, Mrs. Welsh could scarcely send for her to entertain those 'callers by profession' who seemed to spend their lives wasting other people's time.

'I'll do it,' vowed Jane, 'and perhaps, if Mr. Thomas Carlyle can be persuaded not to write "darling" or anything of that sort in his letters—at least in English!—mamma may let him visit Haddington again in the not too distant future.' Really, such a dear, good *patient* genius deserved some reward!

'Miss Geraldine for her geography lesson,' said Betsy's voice at the door.

'Mamma,' said Jane imploringly on her way to the waiting Geraldine, '*may he come?*'

'If you can answer that question I suppose it is quite unnecessary that I should,' replied Mrs. Welsh with dignity.

'Friday till Sunday then—and perhaps a *little* longer!' said Jane, and fled, deaf to her aunt's protesting tirade.

'God grant that they may both be in a better humour before the end of the week!' she prayed, setting the globe whirling before Geraldine's astonished eyes. 'Sometimes

my mother thinks me a very worthless young lady—but she loves me,' Jane informed her pupil. 'To our geography, Geraldine !'

CHAPTER XII.

LOST DAYS.

As Thomas Carlyle crossed the little river Tyne and saw once more the rose-red walls of the old Abbey and the wide main street in which was Jane Welsh's home, it amazed him to remember how few meetings he had had with this girl who had bewitched him. Strange that he had once been attracted by so different a type as Margaret Gordon !

He loved Jane, of that he was sure, but sometimes he asked himself if he were both mad and selfish in his love. She was worthy to wed the highest in the land, and he was but an obscure mortal facing a perilously uncertain fate ; she dwelt in one of the fairest houses in Haddington, he in a corner of an overcrowded farmhouse alternating with a lodging in a reeking Edinburgh street. Was it dangerous for her to love him : ' Woe, woe without end to the man who wrecks the happiness of such a maid,' said Thomas Carlyle grimly as he passed under the archway and down the outer passage which led to Jane's door. But with the girl's slim white hand in his he forgot his forebodings.

' Oh Jane ! If there were no subjunctive mood and all " ifs " abolished from the world for ever !'

Her black eyes seemed enormous in the pallor of her small face as she gave him greeting. Yes, she had been ill, but his coming had put her headache to flight, so said Jane charmingly, and, drawn by her fragility, he determined

that they must never part ; anything else she willed he would do—but not that. If it were cruel or even sinful to entice her from the sunny places she inhabited, then cruel and wicked he must be.

‘God help us both,’ said Thomas Carlyle soberly.

Mrs. Welsh entered ; Carlyle was scarcely aware of her. Dr. Fyffe appeared, and in the roseate hue of the Haddington drawing-room Carlyle saw him dimly ; he seemed a kindly little creature bearing goodwill to many persons, and with a spirit which swirled about with all the briskness of the freshest can of small beer.

‘Of the genus cricket ; I like all crickets,’ he commented when alone with Jane once more, but Jane was in no mood to discuss a nonentity ; she wanted reassurance as to her own gifts, help and advice ; Carlyle found it difficult to soothe her.

She must not fret herself, he argued. Cowper had published his first book at fifty years of age, and had she forgotten Dr. Johnson ? No one could say that the great lexicographer had not achieved success, yet in old age he had complained that much of his life had been wasted by the pressure of disease, and more trifled away in making provision for the passing day.

‘I should think myself happy could I be sure that even a tenth of my existence would be at my disposal for any purpose above that of the beasts that perish,’ added Carlyle, ‘but for you there is *no* fear if your will is steadfast.’

‘I have done nothing yet,’ said Jane with contrition.

‘Life is short, but not nearly as short as your fancy paints it ; there is time for many failures and many fine achievements.’

‘If only one were not interrupted,’ sighed Jane.

‘Milton fought in the political arena and wrote a Latin

grammar as well as *Paradise Lost*,' Carlyle reminded her, 'and Hooker produced his *Ecclesiastical Polity* amidst gridirons, foul platters and squealing children.'

'I am no glorious Milton,' laughed Jane; 'my lot is far more likely to be the making of puddings.'

'Literature, and literature alone, will make you happy,' returned Carlyle with conviction. 'You shall make immortal food for the souls of generous men in lands and ages that you can never see! Courage, we shall both of us become great in our time, and, though I compose as slowly as a snail, I have not yet given up hope of learning to produce as well as nine-tenths of the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease." Faith and patience, these are literary as well as religious virtues.'

'Faith!' said Jane, suddenly remembering Edward Irving. Had Mr. Carlyle seen that friend's newly published sermons?

'It is a pity he has become such a lion,' answered Carlyle; 'from general report his church is a veritable theatre to which old women flock offering adulation. I wish we saw him safely down, walking as other men walk; methinks our friend has not the head for flattery.'

The London project was in both their minds, but Jane knew that, so far as she was concerned, the suggested visit would never come to pass. Second thoughts had compelled Irving to a halting withdrawal of his impulsive invitation, and he prayed that Jane would understand his motive. Isabelle's tender affection had done much to heal a sorely wounded heart, but, on consideration, he had come to the conclusion that it would be unwise to expose himself to danger during the first months of marriage. Still, he was growing in grace and holiness so hoped that before another year had passed the Eye of his Conscience would permit

him to receive the Child of his Intellect beneath his roof ; Isabelle should write.

Jane had wept tears of disappointment, then flung away her handkerchief vowing that she would never see Edward Irving or Isabelle again—no, not if they begged the favour on their bended knees !

‘ Fewer people love me than you might imagine,’ she now told Thomas Carlyle with seeming inconsequence. ‘ You do ; my mother does ; Mr. Irving does, and one or two more—but *love* is by no means the general sentiment that I inspire.’

Carlyle found it difficult to believe.

The brief visit ended leaving a thousand things unsaid, but Jane returned to her books with enthusiasm and worked herself so ruthlessly that she fell ill.

‘ No more reading for the present,’ said Mrs. Welsh, taking forcible possession of her daughter, and Jane, too weary to resist, was bundled up in blankets and dosed with innumerable drugs. What was she but a mere cumberer of the earth ! How could she earn the laurel wreath Thomas Carlyle had promised :

Poor little Dr. Fyffe’s hand shook as he took his patient’s pulse and vainly tried to amuse her with a serio-comic account of Carlyle’s behaviour at the inn when a groom had tried to give him a spavined horse, but Jane showed herself a termagant and they parted mutually incensed.

Edinburgh seemed an old black harlot of a city when Carlyle returned from Haddington, and he swore that the atmosphere was compounded of coal smoke, gases and more odours than ever chemist or perfumer dreamed. He wanted a pretty white cottage in a Highland glen with clear and quiet waters near by, green lawns, mountains in

the distance, the free sky overhead, books, food, raiment—and liberty to break the heads of all who ventured within a furlong's length, except the select few.

Should he renounce the Buller engagement, which took three-fourths of his precious time, rent a farm in Annandale and set Alick to work it?

Ill himself, he grew anxious for Jane. Had he overtaxed her strength? She must go warily and lay Gibbon aside if she found him weighty; there were limits even to the value of learning. In four years one should be able to acquire all the really valuable and original ideas that could be culled from books; then came the time for expression.

The printing of '*Wilhelm*' continued while Carlyle wrote 'a fierce preface' and haggled with his publishers. Jane heard details with distaste; one might as well set a mettled racer to draw a farm cart as involve Thomas Carlyle in pecuniary bargainings.

It was Sunday; she had been to church twice, and now looked back over the past week, recounting her lost days—a two-hour walk in the mornings and a tea-party every afternoon, for which an extra hour had had to be spent on making a toilette—in all a six-hour reading day gone, all for nothing!

CHAPTER XIII.

CARLYLE BEGINS HIS TRAVELS.

The Wheel turned, but not in a manner anticipated by Jane Welsh, and at short notice Thomas Carlyle went to London, being summoned by the Bullers, since the three boys were now established in lodgings at Kew Green and needed their tutor.

Hoping for another visit Jane received a Shakespeare and

an admonitory letter. As a first duty she was to read her histories ; as a second to write to Thomas Carlyle ; as a third to love him better every day. ' Be true to me and to yourself, *Herzens Liebling*, and all will be well,' he assured her, but Jane cried out in dismay. How could she show such a letter to her mother ? Mrs. Welsh would be sure to ask for a translation of the German, and might even guess that *Herzens Liebling* meant ' Heart's Darling ' ! Would this extraordinary man never realise that permission to correspond depended upon his appearing as friend, not lover ? Yet the letter pleased her and relieved the tension of her nerves.

The news of the death of Lord Byron at Missolonghi a month before had just reached Haddington ; Jane had learnt of the tragedy when among a laughing group sitting over their teacups, and felt as if the shock could scarcely have been greater had sun or moon dropped from the firmament. Her idol dead—and she had never seen him ! Stricken speechless she sat, white, cold and dejected, while too attentive Dr. Fyffe fluttered about her, her spirit crying to Carlyle, who alone among her group would understand the magnitude of the world's loss.

To Carlyle, then at Mainhill, busy revising his preface and preparing for the momentous journey to England, the news as brought by his father from Ecclefechan Fair seemed incredible.

' Why ? O God, *why* ? ' he asked in bewilderment. When so many sons of mud and clay fill up their base existence to the full, *why* should this, the noblest spirit in Europe, sink before half his course is run ? Like Jane he had dreamed of seeing and even knowing the wonder-poet, and now the curtain of everlasting night covered him from mortal eyes. So thought Carlyle, tramping through the

early hours of a May evening, and lines from *Don Juan* flashed into his mind—

*'What is the end of Fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach—and soldiers kill.
And bards burn what they call the 'midnight taper'
To have—when the original is dust—
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust!'*

Such mood endured until he boarded the little smack at Annan that was to carry him away from Scotland; Skiddaw and Helvellyn were white-capped across the Solway. There was a dead calm wind, the vessel remained within sight of the Bass Rock for twenty-four hours and the passengers were the stupidest group imaginable. Carlyle was thankful to enter the Thames and disembark at Tower Wharf; more thankful still to see Edward Irving waving a welcome.

'I feel annihilated in the immensity of the heart of all the earth,' he told his friend, overwhelmed by the tall sooty buildings, the ten thousand times ten thousand sounds, and the never-ending movement and bustle of the great city.

They drove to Islington, where Carlyle was to spend a few days before taking up his duties as tutor. Isabelle welcomed him, obviously proud to play hostess, but remaining a nonentity in Carlyle's eyes, and he scarcely understood Irving's hesitating hints as to the necessity for the coming of his mother-in-law. What puzzled him was why the invitation promised to Jane Welsh had not been pressed long since, and, looking at Irving's friends grouped around the dinner-table, he measured them by Jane's standards. A Mrs. Strachey was there—sister of Mrs. Buller—who with

her rich young cousin, Kitty Kirkpatrick, had furnished Irving's first home in England. Both were pleased to meet the simple-mannered, brown-faced young Scot whose '*Schiller*' they had read; Kitty was a pretty sight in her high-waisted, puff-sleeved frock. Carlyle noticed that she had a merry smile and wore a flower in her curls; he had never seen Jane except in the mourning she habitually wore for her father.

He met Kitty again among the roses at Shooters Hill and at the Basil Montagues in Bedford Square where Irving took him, but he forgot her in the interest of talking to one who had known Byron at Harrow in the days when his loose corduroy trousers were plentifully sprinkled with ink and his finger-nails bitten to the quick. Seeing the other's enthusiasm, Montague gave him a scrap from one of Byron's letters and Carlyle folded it carefully for Jane before Mrs. Montague claimed his attention. She proved to be beautiful as well as stately, quick of intellect, and so passionate an admirer of Irving's that she opened both heart and house to his friends. Soon, the two found a bond of interest, for as a girl she had walked through the streets of Dumfries with Carlyle's first hero Robbie Burns, and he could tell her his father's tales of the poet—how once when a smuggling brig was caught on the shoals in the Solway, Exciseman Burns had led a boarding party sword in hand—and how he had written 'A Man's a Man for a' That' after his admonishment by his superior officer, on the ground that he had refused to uncover one night in Dumfries theatre when 'God Save the King' was sung, so proving himself to be 'a person disaffected to the Government.'

A hand on his arm checked his eloquence. 'My son-in-law, Bryan Procter, "Barry Cornwall,"' said Mrs. Montague with a smile, and Carlyle looked up to see a

slender, palish-looking little man being pressed to recite his famous poem 'The Journal of the Sun'—

*'Day breaks! O'er yon bars of deep purple,
(Cloud purple) comes soaring the Dawn
O'er mountains that lift their black shoulders
'Twixt Night and Morn . . .*

*Below all the waters are sparkling
All earth is awake.
The lark in the ether is singing
All earth is awake!'*

'He does his best work when in a crowd,' whispered Mrs. Montague, 'walking in London, for instance. I have known him run into a shop to secure his verses and bring them away on some crumpled scrap of paper in which cheese or sugar had been wrapped.' She turned aside, but Carlyle was scarcely aware of her departure, for Thomas Campbell was announced. He had loved the man's poems—would he love the man? But could this literary dandy in blue frock-coat and trousers with eye-glass and wig be the author of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' 'Ye Mariners of England' and 'The Pleasures of Hope' that had brought its author fame at twenty-one?

Carlyle watched him as he bowed before Mrs. Montague, and thought that the smirk on the little man's face would besit a shopman or an auctioneer.

When Irving brought the two together and Campbell patronisingly promised Carlyle an invitation to a literary *déjeuner* of uncertain date, Carlyle's reply was brusque, and Irving looked at his friend in dismay.

Campbell, editor of the *New Monthly* as well as poet, was important. Relinquishing him to Mrs. Montague and Isabelle, Irving drew Carlyle aside, but his hints fell on barren soil.

‘I would have loved the fellow,’ insisted the obstinate Scot, ‘but look at him—he might be a little Edinburgh advocate with a heart as dry as a Greenock kipper—listen to him, his head is a shop, not a manufactory. He has no living well of thought or feeling in him.’ Jane would be contemptuous of such a shallow pate, Carlyle was sure—then his expression changed and he looked round puzzled. ‘The Annandale accent—who is it?’

‘Allan Cunningham, poet and stone-mason,’ answered Irving; ‘to hear him one would think he had never crossed the border.’ He beckoned to the new-comer, who extended the hand of good fellowship to Carlyle, and presently the pair withdrew into a corner. It was good to find someone modest, kind and smiling in this bedlam of a city, a man who was a genius of no common make, yet who seemed not to know he was anything but a reading mason! Even Jane was forgotten for an hour, but that night when lying wakefully aware of the surge of London, Carlyle pictured her as the hostess of a *salon* to which all literary men should crave admission.

Some day, too, he must show her St. Paul’s in all its grandeur, as he had seen it that morning when hurrying west along Cheapside into Newgate Street with its columns and friezes and massy wings of bleached yet unworn stone, with its statues and its graves around it; with its solemn dome four hundred feet above and its gilded ball and cross gleaming in the sun. Gigantic, beautiful and enduring, it seemed to transmit the sounds of Death, Judgment and Eternity through all the frivolous and fluctuating city.

What was Jane doing? Was she well and happy? Why was Irving dilatory in pressing for her coming? Carlyle’s mind was still unsatisfied on this point when he left Islington

to join Charles Buller in his lodgings on Kew Green—a pleasant and convenient location, it seemed, with coaches carrying passengers running to London every half-hour for the modest sum of one shilling.

CHAPTER XIV.

'PLEBEIAN ENGLISH.'

Jane's head ached. She had packed and sewed alternately from seven o'clock in the morning till midnight on the previous day, for, at twenty-four hours' notice, another round of visits was to begin. She was rebellious and miserable and her heart cried out for letters; men were unreliable mortals, even the best of them. Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving alike seemed to have forgotten her; only Dr. Fyffe was constant! Jane gave a watery smile at the thought of the spruce white hat in which the gunpowdery little man, once so slovenly in appearance, had returned from his last expedition to Edinburgh—all for her sake, she felt sure.

'The postman's knock!' Jane flew up as her mother entered. 'Is it for me?'

'You may be sure of *that*,' said Mrs. Welsh, handing her daughter a packet, 'and I only hope it will cure your headache.'

'I have no doubt it will help,' answered Jane indignantly, trusting, as she broke the seal, that the missive would contain no embarrassing endearments, at least in English.

'Drink your tea first,' ordered Mrs. Welsh, noting her daughter's flushed cheeks.

'My tea—as if that mattered!' sighed Jane, but she obeyed.

'You gulp it down as if it were senna,' complained Mrs. Welsh, taking the empty cup. 'Yes, Betty:—I'm coming.'

'Thank the Lord for that,' muttered Jane, sinking back upon her cushions as her mother left the room, and she was free to touch with reverent fingers the scrap of Byron's handwriting which Carlyle had enclosed, free, too, to devise a diplomatic translation of '*Ich kusse dich zehntausenmal.*'

The succeeding months were difficult for Jane. So intense was her desire to enter the charmed London circles wherein Carlyle was a-venturing that his letters gave her more unhappiness than pleasure. Now, he had visited Charles Lamb—curious that the little fellow had won reputation as a humorist when, in truth, he possessed only a thin streak of cockney wit: now, Crabb Robinson, who knew Schiller and had read with Goethe, had invited him to his chambers.

For the first time in his life Carlyle was being accepted as a literary lion, though a small one. People read his writings—various editors hinted at further translations, and *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* appeared in three volumes. It was pleasant to be patted on the back and told that he was 'a clever fellow.'

When the Bullers decided to spend a year in Boulogne, Carlyle hesitated; he was tired of the fashionable females who flooded their drawing-room in silk attire but with hearts like kippers. The world must be fronted some time, soon was as good as syne; but his savings were meagre.

Reviews began to appear. *Blackwood* congratulated the translator of *Wilhelm Meister* on his very promising début and excellent use of language: 'he has a perfect knowledge of German and writes better English than is at all common . . . we know no exercise more likely to produce effects

of permanent advantage upon a young mind of intellectual ambition.' The *Monthly Review* was as laudatory, but the *London Magazine* had given the work into the hands of De Quincey, who discoursed on it at length in two successive issues. Carlyle heard of the attack and decided to read it some time, since there might be grass among the chaff, but Goethe was the moon and the barking of penny dogs a matter of small concern.

Of more immediate moment was the state of his own stomach. Mrs. Montague had introduced him to one John Badams, who promised to cure his dyspepsia, and presently Carlyle found himself coaching up to Birmingham at amazing speed to undergo treatment. Twelve hours only were spent on the journey and the ostlers took but ninety seconds changing the post-horses.

But Jane Welsh secured copies of the *London Magazine*, carried them into her sanctum and turned over the pages with eager fingers :

' Good English Reader—you that are proud
to speak the tongue
Which Shakespeare spoke ; the faith and
morals hold
Which Milton held . . . '

She read on bewildered. The writer spoke of 'spurious admiration,' depraved sensibilities and the importance of sanity and good taste in literature—

' Never were these qualities more energetically demanded than in the case which we now bring before our readers ; a case not merely of infatuation but of infatuation degrading to literature beyond anything which is on record in the history of human laxity. . . . Not the baseness of Egyptian superstition, not Titania under enchantment, not Caliban in drunkenness, ever shaped to themselves an idol

more weak or hollow than modern Germany has set up for worship in the person of Goethe. The gods of Germany are too generally false gods, but among false gods some are more false than others.' . . .

Jane turned to another column.

' . . . the ultimate point we aim at is not to quarrel with the particular book which has been the accidental occasion of bringing Goethe before us ; a bad book more or less is of no great importance . . .

. . . "Goethe," says the translator, "is by many of his countrymen ranked by the side of Homer and Shakespeare" . . . If this judgment has indeed been uttered it would well deserve to be put on record as an example of the atrocities that can be tolerated when once all reverence for great names is shaken off . . .

Jane's shocked eyes scanned succeeding pages.

'Provincialisms . . . Scotticisms . . . "wage for wages," a vulgarism which is not used in England even by respectable servants . . . "Licking his lips," plebeian English from the sewers and kennels . . . "discussing oysters," English of that sort called slang. . . . Of all plebeianisms, however, the most shocking is the use of the word "*thrash*" as used in the following passage—"His father was convinced that the minds of children should be kept awake and steadfast by no other means than blows, hence . . . used to *thrash* him at stated periods." In whatever way men will allow themselves to talk among men, and when intimate acquaintance relaxes the restraints of decorum, every gentleman abjures any coarse language which he may have learnt at school or elsewhere under two circumstances—in the presence of strangers and in the presence of women . . . now an author is to be presumed always in the presence of both and ought to allow himself no expressions but such as he would judge consistent with his own self-respect in a miscellaneous company of good breeding and of both sexes. . . .

'These instances are sufficient to illustrate the coarseness of diction which disfigures the English translation and which must have arisen from want of sufficient intercourse with society. One winter of residence in the metropolis either of England or Scotland . . . would enable the translator to weed his book of these deformities which must be peculiarly offensive in the quarters which naturally he must wish to conciliate ; first the readers, secondly to Mr. Goethe—who besides that he is Mr. von Goethe is naturally anxious to appear before foreigners in a dress suitable to his pretensions as a man of quality . . . would be more shocked than perhaps a philosopher ought to be if he were to be told that his *Wilhelm Meister* spoke an English anyway underbred.'

Jane could read no more. 'Underbred' . . . 'provincialisms' . . . 'a bad book more or less is of no great importance' . . . And she had bound the sheets in the cover made by her mother and tied them up with white ribbons ! Was her 'genius' no genius after all but just an uncouth, plebeian Scot with a fine flow of words ? What would he say to her when next he wrote ? She watched post after post, for Carlyle returned from Birmingham and found himself unaccountably included in a party assembled at Dover, which comprised the Irvings with their baby (born during Carlyle's absence), the Stracheys and Kitty Kirkpatrick.

He looked on sardonically while the women fluttered round the child's cradle and Edward Irving performed the part of dry-nurse. If the thing had been the Infant Llama it could not have been treated with more ceremony, and when tall, sallow-visaged Irving carried the pepper-box of a creature in his folded palms, tickled it, dangled it, grinning every time it stirred, Carlyle found it a noxious sight.

Even when the intruder slept he contrived to dominate

the conversation and Irving would break off a metaphysical discussion to offer advice to the young mother.

'I think I would wash him in *warm* water to-night, Isabelle.'

'Yes, dear,' Isabelle answered, with her mouth full of safety-pins.

Kitty Kirkpatrick tossed her auburn curls and laughed as Carlyle snorted, crying out that the matter of bathing the baby was Isabelle's affair, not Irving's. 'Were I in her place I would wash "him" with oil of vitriol if I pleased and take no one's advice.'

Isabelle's face quivered as she gathered up the infant, Irving cast a look of dignified remonstrance at his old friend, and Kitty cast a bombshell by the sudden planning of a continental tour in which the Stracheys and Carlyle should be her guests.

How it came to pass Carlyle never knew, but a few days later he found himself on the way to Paris, sharing a dickey with Strachey, Kitty and her maid being inside the carriage.

Jane, now at Templand, now in Haddington, held her head high. What an *ugly* name was Kitty Kirkpatrick. Oh no, she was not jealous, but Mr. Carlyle must not mention the word 'Kirkpatrick' again, and if he were enjoying a thousand pleasures—seeing Parisian life in cafés, theatres and *en promenade*, watching Charles X returned from exile and visiting the Morgue—she too was gay. The Devil had tempted her to attend Musselburgh Races on horseback, and she had found herself the cynosure of all eyes. Indeed, a young man from Sutherlandshire had fallen in love with her, although she had never even lifted her veil. He had dogged her back to Haddington, bringing a boarding-school sister who needed instruction—and a proposal!

Poor, dear Dugald ! Jane drew a woeful picture of the infatuated youth for Thomas Carlyle's edification ; he had fair, silky locks, a voice like music and a sensitive heart. By the way, had Mr. Carlyle improved his infamous accent or did he still speak Annandale ? She wished her friend could contrive to be, if not as elegant as eighteen-year-old Dugald, at least as fascinating as a Colonel in the Guards who had held an umbrella over her untiringly on a fourteen-hour-long journey from Glasgow to Fort William. Better still, let him pattern himself upon a newly discovered 'Cousin Baillie,' a graceful, noble-figured man with the handsomest countenance imaginable and lacking only genius to be Jane's beau-ideal.

Thomas Carlyle was sorry for the moths fluttering around Jane's candle. It must hurt her to be the cause of pain to so many, but he saw no remedy where she was concerned. All she could do was to show a pretty mixture of mercy, gracefulness and female cunning. What worried him at the moment was the discovery that the German tale upon which he believed Jane to have been working had already appeared in translation ; she must turn to something else.

The Paris adventure was over. With Kitty, Carlyle had gone shopping in the Palais Royal, purchasing a needle-case a-piece for each of his four sisters, a Molière for Jane and something for Mrs. Welsh, and now he was back in England, established in Pentonville lodgings and free to carry out Dr. Badams' régime ; the tour had been a sad interruption to work, and French cooking had sorely disarranged his stomach. A fortnight in Paris *might* be looked upon as a treat, he decided, but it would be martyrdom to live there. French houses were not homes but buildings wherein people slept and dressed, every apartment being

tricked out with mirrors—and the noise in the streets had been deafening.

He stretched his legs under a solid English table with relief, and addressed himself to the augmentation of his *Schiller* to fit it for book publication, for which he had been offered fifty pounds. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity for Jane to make her first appearance in print. Let her translate the *Alpenlied*, or the scene between Posa and Philip in *Don Carlos* or anything she liked.

'Think,' he urged, 'would it not be pretty to have your little casket locked up and begirt on every side by the masses of my coarse stoneware and with "J. W." as signature?' Let her not trouble about correctness, for what was his use if not to help her forward? 'There is not another soul alive that wishes with such earnestness to see you good and perfect, the lovely, graceful, wise and dignified woman it is in your power to be; I hope from you more than I will trust to words,' ended Carlyle.

But Jane was still at Templand in a crowded house, getting up late in the mornings, going to bed late; required to spend hours at the piano, or playing chess and *écarté*; all she could promise was that she would attempt the translation of 'Hero and Leander' as soon as she could persuade her mother to return home.

Carlyle, struggling with his own work, saw her as a pathetic little Mignon longing for the heavenly things which the coarse world would not let her know, and he implored Fate to give him power to help her in the unequal contest; so far he had done nothing but love her.

Why wouldn't she come to England? She should be sufficiently comfortable with the Irvings for a month or so, although she might find herself compelled to pay some attention to the infant.

But Jane had no illusions left and felt sure that Isabelle would always find some gentle excuse for withholding any invitation her old friend might wish to send. 'The recovery of a faithless lover was a benefit for which one woman was not likely to be grateful to another,' said Jane oracularly, but Mr. Carlyle might kiss the baby for her, although she would not do it herself for a fee of five guineas!

... 'Will the wish of my heart ever be fulfilled? I want a sweet home in some romantic vale with sufficient money for comfort, and *One* to be the polar star of my being—one warm-hearted, dearest Friend whose sublime genius would shed an ennobling influence on all around him.'

Tired of writing, Jane dropped her pen, and snatching up a sheet of white paper and a pair of scissors, cut now a portrait of Carlyle in profile, now a caricature of Edward Irving singing a lullaby to his baby, and now a tiny paper heart. Her eyes began to dance as she contemplated her handiwork.

(To be continued.)

ON THE FIRST SUNLIGHT OF MARCH.

‘ this ecstasy of God,
That we call spring-time in an English wood.’
‘ Magic’

GORELL.

Now, on this first and ever-blessed time,
When the once wintry clime
Relenting, for a moment smiles with light,
A gradual pallor dawns from tree to tree,
Till, suddenly
With the new sun both trunk and bough are bright.

No flowers are yet ;
Only the celandine
Doth lift her visage wet
To bless the month, and shine

With her own light, which needs not light of sun,
But looks exultingly,
While all the flooded fields with water run,
And winds blow coldly by.

Now on the dripping orchards glows the light
With such a strange and gold translucency,
As only Spring can compass ; not the bright
Imperial Summer knows,
For all her pomps and shows,
Such panoply

*As this cold day of March, when only light
Doth live, and yet enfold,
Implicit in his shining, all the bright
And blossom'd shapes, which the unconscious year,
Fast sleeping here,
Invisibly and perfectly doth hold.*

ANTHONY FFETTYPLACE.

TO LET.

*Empty, echoing space, bare dusty walls
With pale, faint squares of light where pictures hung ;
Uncurtained windows staring like weary eyes
Into the coming night ;
Carpetless floors that creak like stealthy feet
Stealing from room to room.*

*Companioned now by ghosts of bygone years,
Lonely and wondering what the days will bring,
The house stands brooding on its memories
And sees again the firelight rise and fall,
Lighting the peopled room, the cheerful walls,
The friendly backs of old, familiar books
And feels again the comfortable warmth
Creep through its aching bones.*

*Then with a start it wakes and, shivering, stands,
Wondering what the days will bring.*

DAVID B. CUNNINGHAM.

Toronto.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

A PRIVATE DIARY

BY CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE.

Henry Hobhouse, my great-grandfather, was permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Home Office from 1817 to 1827. He was a most capable, cautious and conscientious civil servant, who enjoyed the full confidence of Lord Liverpool and was a right-hand man to his immediate superior, Lord Sidmouth.

One of the principal anxieties of his department was the behaviour of the Prince Regent's wife, who was in 1820 still roaming the Continent in very curious company: and Hobhouse well knew that the accession of George the Fourth was bound to precipitate a crisis between the new monarch and his queen, and a crisis into which the permanent head of the Home Office must reluctantly be dragged. Accordingly, one of his first actions upon learning of the death of George the Third was to start keeping a diary, rather in the spirit in which Pepys kept his diary, for his protection as much as for his edification. He began on January 31st, 1820, setting down his accurate and careful impressions upon the gilt-edged foolscap of his office, and binding them up later on into a volume marked 'Papers relating to Queen Caroline, 1820.'

King George the 3rd departed this life on Saturday Afternoon 29 Jan. at 35^m past 8 at Windsor Castle. He died without the least suffering, and without any lucid Interval. About 3 hours before his death he told his Page that, if he did not raise his Head, he should die; but the Physicians in attendance considered this Expression merely as indicating a strong Wish for having his Head raised and not as conveying

any consciousness of his actual State. Thirteen days before his death, during the very hard Frost, being in Bed, he drew himself up in his Bedclothes, and said 'Tom's a cold.' But it is extremely uncertain, whether this Allusion proceeded from a Glimpse of Understanding : probably it did not.

So strong was the *vis vitæ*, that he continued to breathe for several Hours after his Hands and Feet became Black. He had never had a lucid Interval from the latter End of Oct. 1810. About Apr. 1812 he became so much better that he wd impose the Belief of his Sanity on those who were not constantly with him, but his regular Attendants saw that his Mind was never free from Delusion. When he was told of the Assassination of Mr Perceval, he said 'O yes, I know that. I ordered him to be hanged for keeping me in Confinement.'

The King's Strength had been gradually declining since the Month of Nov. last, but no Apprehension of an early Dissolution was entertained until within ten days, during which Period he failed rapidly ; and so little was his Death expected on Saturday, that all the Cabinet Ministers, except the Lord Chancellor, were out of Town, when the News arrived.

In the course of Sunday morning most of the Cabinet arrived at the Home Office ; all the Privy Councillors in London were summoned by messages to meet at two o'clock. After ordering a proclamation on the following day, the Council were introduced to the new King, who read a Declaration prepared by Lord Liverpool. Although it was a Sunday, both Houses of Parliament assembled, only to find that the absence of the Lord Steward at Brighton made it impossible for the peers to be sworn or for the Speaker to take the chair.

The new King was ill of a fever all this while. On the Monday he was relieved of a further fifty ounces of blood, on top

of eighty ounces of which he had been bled the week before. As a result he was too feeble to hold a Council until Saturday, the 12th of February,

which Measure was necessary for pricking the Sheriffs, and for receiving the King's Declaration in regard to the Alteration of the Liturgy. The latter Point has been very much under the consideration of the Cabinet, as involving the question of the proper arrangements to be made respecting the Queen. The King has been long most anxious for a Divorce, not (as it is imagined) from an Intention of marrying again, but from the desire of getting rid of a Wife, whom he loaths. It is well known that in 1806 a Commission of Enquiry under the Privy Seal was issued to Lord Erskine then Chancellor, Ld. Ellenborough then Chief Justice of the K.B., Ld. Grenville then first Lord of the Treasury, and Ld. Spencer the Secy of State for the Home Department. Their Enquiry proved a great Degree of Levity and Indiscretion, but no Criminality. Nothing was done upon it. And the Change of Administration, which shortly afterwards took place, threw the Government into the Hands of those, who were at that Time convinced of the Princess of Wales's Innocence. Two at least of these Persons, viz. Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon now admit, that their Information subsequently acquired has convinced them that the Princess's criminality had commenced before that Period. Of her subsequent Guilt there is no doubt. Some have supposed that the true cause of the Regent's not changing the King's Ministers at the commencement of the Regency, was his Expectation that a Divorce would be facilitated by retaining them. He knew that the principal Leaders of the Opposition were satisfied of the Princess's Infidelity. And it was not surprizing that he should calculate on the retaining of Mr.

Perceval as the most likely means of convincing him of the same Truth. However that may have been, it is certain that since the Princess went to reside abroad in 1814 great Pains have been taken to collect Proofs of her Guilt. The Endeavours of the British and Hanoverian Ministers in Austria and Italy not having been very successful, notwithstanding the Notoriety of her Adultery, Mr. Cooke, a retired King's Counsel, was despatched to Italy in the summer of 1818 for the purpose of collecting Evidence. After some Months' residence there, he returned to England about May last with the Results of his Enquiries. The Proofs thus collected, being submitted to the Cabinet, were not satisfactory; but they advised the Prince Regent to consult the Law Officers of the Crown and those of the Duchy of Cornwall, assuming that the Evidence were satisfactory as to the Princess's Guilt, on the Expediency or Inexpediency of three Modes of proceeding, which had been suggested, viz. 1. The Trial of the Princess for High Treason committed abroad. 2. A Proceeding for Adultery in the ecclesiastical Court, to be followed by a Bill of Divorce. 3. A Proceeding in Parlt in the first Instance; and whether any other course of proceeding could be recommended in Preference.

In the last Month the King's Advocate and the Attorney and Solicitor General (Note in text: 'Sir Cha^s Robinson Sir Rob^t Giffard Sir John S. Copley') made their report, in which they came to the Conclusion that a Queen Consort, or the Wife of a King's eldest Son, committing Adultery within the Realm or with a British Subject, is guilty of High Treason within the Stat. 25 Edw. III stat. 5. cap. 2., as aider and abettor of the Adulterer, who is within the express Words of that Act. But that if the Adultery is committed out of the Realm with a Foreigner, she is not guilty of High Treason, because it is no Treason in him, and

therefore can not be in his Abettors. They further reported their Opinion that the Prince might institute a Suit in the eccles^l Court, but that, as such a proceeding would be a private Suit, it was not applicable to a case standing upon public Grounds alone. On the last Point they thought that tho' in ordinary cases Parl^t requires that previously to the entertaining of a Bill of Divorce, a Verdict should have been obtained against the Adulterer, and a Divorce *a mensa et thoro* decreed by the eccles^l Court, yet from the public Nature Character and Consequences of the proposed Proceeding, an adherence to the usual rule would not be considered necessary : but that in the course of such a proceeding the Evidence to make out the Charge must be strictly examined, and an opportunity given to the Princess of controverting that Evidence, and of establishing her Innocence. The latter of the three modes of proceeding they therefore thought liable to the least objection, and they could not recommend any other preferable Course.

Before the King's Death the Prince Regent had intimated to some of the Cabinet his Opinion in favour of a Bill of Divorce, and hinted that he knew the Sentiments of some of the Opposition Members (particularly Ld. Holland Ld. Essex and Mr. Tierney) to be, that such a Bill might be successfully proposed.

Thus circumstanced the Cabinet came to the consideration of the question, whether the Queen should be named in the Liturgy, knowing at the same time the Anxiety felt by the King on the subject, and that his Recovery was probably retarded by the Sleeplessness produced by that Anxiety.

The Cabinet were agreed on the propriety of excluding the Queen's name : but some difficulty was caused by the attitude

of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who took the line that he had not sufficient material to justify him in recommending any alteration, though he would acquiesce in it. Meanwhile, Canning had persuaded the Cabinet that the question of the liturgy had better be postponed till a decision had been reached on the question of the divorce.

This . . . necessarily brought into Discussion all the Objections to a Bill of Divorce, the chief of which were the Impossibility of carrying such a Measure without a Parliamentary Enquiry into the Truth of the Charges on which the Bill would proceed, the great Scandal and public Mischief of such an Enquiry, the extreme difficulty of excluding Evidence of Recrimination on such an Enquiry, and the Impossibility of excluding Recrimination in the Debate, which might prove of even worse consequences than admitting it in Evidence. The Cabinet were therefore unanimous against a Bill of Divorce ; and finally drew up a Minute stating the Grounds, on which they offered to the King their Advice to forego such a Measure, and to be content with an Enactment that the Queen should be debarred of her Privileges as a Queen Consort, and that such Provision as should be made for her should depend on her remaining abroad.

Before this Paper was delivered to the King, His Majesty sent a Message to the Lord Chancellor by Sir J. Leach . . . , insisting on a Divorce as the Condition of his retaining his confidential Servants. (Note in Text : 'The King expressed his Determⁿ to retire to Hanover, if he could not obtain a Divorce in England.') Lord Liverpool on Friday delivered to His Majesty the Minute of Cabinet, and received his Pleasure to see the Lord Chancellor Ld Liverpool and Ld Sidmouth after the Council on this Day. At this audience

the King delivered to the three Ministers a Paper containing some Observations on the Cabinet Minute, probably drawn by Sir J. Leach ; and with every Expression of Confidence in them and Cordiality towards them insisted upon a Divorce as a *sine qua non* . . . He added that he considered a Divorce a Point of Honour, from which he could not creditably depart ; that he had as high a sense of Honour as the late King, who, with reference to the Catholic Question, had said that he might be driven to live in a Cottage, but could not be driven to consent to that, from which his Conscience revolted ; and that he applied this equally to both the Points, viz. the Catholic Question, and the Divorce.

Monday, Feb. 14. Sir B. Bloomfield, having probably perceived in the King some Disposition to yield to the Advice of his Cabinet, took an Opportunity of suggesting that their Reply should be delayed, and that it should contain some conciliatory Expressions. And having learnt that Prince Metternich the Austrian Minister had with reference to this subject remarked that crowned Heads could bear Crime better than Slander, suggested that Lord Castlereagh should have an Audience, which he accordingly had. This Audience lasted for 5 Hours, for the first three of w^{ch} the King delivered a Speech, w^{ch} appeared to have been intended for the 3 Ministers who were with the King on Saturday, but the King was then probably too much fatigued to deliver it. L^d C then went thro' the recriminatory Matter likely to be urged against the King, and particularised the connexion with his several Mistresses from Mrs. Fitzherbert downwards. He left the King in a subdued tone of Mind.

L^d C apologized to the King for having discussed with him Matters, which were more fit for deliberation with the Prime Minister. The King said it was impossible for him to hold such a Discussion with L^d Liverpool, so deficient

is he both in manner and Temper. He added that he always conversed with pleasure with L^d C L^d Eldon and L^d Sidmouth, and reposed the greatest Confidence in them.

Sir John Leach, who was instigating the King to reject his Cabinet's advice, was suspected of a design upon the Woolsack, and may have been in touch with the Opposition leaders. But it was certain 'notwithstanding Rumours to the contrary' that the King had not seen them, and apparently he 'had no serious Intention of changing his Ministers, but threw out a Hint of this kind with a View of furthering his other Object.' He would have been glad, none the less, to be rid of Liverpool and Canning.

Feb. 19. The King is now perfectly satisfied with the Decision of the Cabinet respecting the Queen. This satisfaction has probably arisen in part from his own Reflexions and in part from learning that the Sentiments of Lord Lansdowne and some other leading Members of the Opposition coincide on this subject with those of the Cabinet.

Lord Liverpool has had an Interview with Mr. Brougham, who admits that he is to be appointed Atty Gen^l to the Queen. He signified his Acquiescence in the Alteration of the Liturgy, and expressed his Opinion that no just Exception could be taken to the Omission of the Queen's Name, that of the Duke of York not having been inserted, which had been proposed by the King. Mr. B said he should advise the Queen to remain abroad, but that she was a Woman of such strong passions he could not answer for her following his Advice. He also promised, if she came to some part of the Continent near England, to go over to her.

The Chief Baron of Scotland, Sir Sam^l Shepherd, tells me that, when he was Sol^r Gen^l of the Duchy of Cornwall, he had a conversation with the Prince Regent on the subject of a Divorce, in which he stated that there were great

difficulties in the way of such a Measure. The Prince asked him whether any one of the King's subjects could not obtain a Divorce upon similar Grounds. He answered that a Subject probably might. 'Then,' said the Prince, 'I am in a worse Situation than any of my Father's Subjects.' Shepherd replied that it was a Sacrifice, which Persons in the highest Stations were sometimes called on to make.

These disputes were rudely interrupted by the discovery of the Cato Street conspiracy, and during March, Hobhouse was mostly occupied with the constitutional issues involved in the prosecution of Thistlewood and his associates. On April the 20th the King returned to London 'much improved in Health, but with a Mind enervated by boyish Dalliance with the Marchioness of Conyngham, who has for the last few Months superseded the March^{ess} of Hertford as the Object of his Attention.' In the meantime, awkward discussions had been taking place relating to the new Civil List, and the ministers expected trouble. An interview between the King and Liverpool very nearly ended in the resignation of the latter, and Sidmouth was sent to soothe the royal feelings. In the end the King's Speech on April the 27th embodied the Cabinet's terms, but relations were still difficult.

A Shyness also subsists between the King and the L^d Chancellor, arising out of the following Circumstances. The Queen, having appointed Mr. Brougham and Mr. Denman her Atty and Sol^r Gen^l, the former (who in his Movements upon this Subject is probably more actuated by a View to his own personal Ambition than by any other Motive) applied to be made a King's Counsel, intimating that if he obtained this Rank, he should be under no Necessity of using his Appointment from the Queen. Lord Liverpool was disposed to yield to his Application, to w^{ch} the

Chancellor objected, on the ground that the Situation of Mr. B in the Profession gave him no Pretensions to expect a silk Gown, and that his Acceptance of the Appointment from the Queen gave him no Right to ask a Favour of the King. Last week however L^d Eldon received from Sir J. Leach (who had probably been persuaded by Mr B to advise H.M. to this effect) a Message commanding the Chancellor to grant to Mr. B. and Mr. D. the Precedency, of w^{ch} they were ambitious. The Chancellor was highly offended both by the Substance and the Channel of this Communication, has not obeyed the Command, and has not since been at Carlton House.

Hobhouse's description of the circumstances of the Queen's return to England, and of the negotiations that preceded it, does not greatly differ from several published accounts, and shows no sign of special information. She entered London, with the ridiculous Alderman Wood, on June the 6th. Next day, it was proposed in both Houses to set up a Committee of Secrecy to examine the 'Documents containing the Evidence of the Queen's Misconduct since she went abroad in 1814.' 'In the Commons, after considerable Debate, an Adjournment was moved and carried for the Purpose of trying whether the Differences between the King and Queen could not be adjusted by Negotiation.'

Monday, June 19. After the Interchange of several Notes between Her Majesty and Lord Liverpool, the former proposed that the Negotiation should be carried on by persons of high Station and Character on each side. This Proposal being acquiesced, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh were named by the King, but the Queen was unable to find any Negotiators on her part answering the Description she herself suggested . . .

Brougham and Denman therefore acted for her, but the Negotiations broke down on the Queen's insistence on her inclusion in

the liturgy. The Government, meantime, were seriously agitated by signs of insubordination among the Guards at Charing Cross Barracks.

The effect upon the King of the Queen's arrival was to raise his Spirits by renewing the Hope of its leading to a public Enquiry, for which he has always been solicitous. He was of course displeased with the Proposal of a Secret Committee, and when Lord Liverpool and the Duke of Wellington went to him in Bed on the Night of the 7th to communicate the course the Debate had taken in the Commons, he was extremely angry with them, behaved very rudely to the former, and when the Duke interposed an Observation, commanded him to hold his Tongue.

In this same debate, Canning, having previously warned his colleagues that 'his former Intimacy with the Queen might render it necessary for him to take a Line of his own,' referred to his unabated Esteem and respect for her. The King, greatly offended by this, 'intimated to Lord Liverpool some Expectation that Canning should resign,' to which Liverpool retorted that his own resignation would follow. On the 12th, the King 'pressed Lord Sidmouth very strongly to accept the Premiership, which he peremptorily declined'—refusing at the same time to discuss the probability of the Duke of Wellington accepting. A week later, Sidmouth had another even less agreeable audience.

The King, having been yesterday cheered in going to the Chapel Royal, was exceedingly elated, and was led by the Sycophants around him to believe in his own Popularity. The Cabinet thought it highly necessary . . . that the King should be undeceived in this Point, and deputed Lord Sidmouth to wait on His Majesty for this purpose. His L^d had an Audience this morning, which lasted for 1½ Hours,

and completely answered the Object. In fine the King thanked L^d S. for his Candour in reporting to him the Truth.

Monday, June 26. Mr. Canning yesterday had another long Audience of the King, in which he tendered his Resignation, owning his Belief in the Truth of all the Evidence laid before Parl^t respecting the Queen's Misconduct, but declaring that Circumstances existed which must preclude him from taking an active part against Her Majesty. The King believes, and probably with great Reason, that C's Intimacy with the Queen has gone to the utmost Extent.

But for all that, he was prevailed upon not to accept the resignation provided Canning did not actively assist her cause. The Cabinet this day decided upon a Bill of Pains and Penalties against the Queen, to be introduced into the Lords: and the law officers were forthwith directed to draft it. This Bill was to involve the Queen's banishment, but no divorce.

July 4. The Report of the Secret Committee of the Lords is this day made, charging the Queen with adulterous Intercourse with a Foreigner, who had been her menial Servant, and with a course of Conduct of the most licentious Character. The Report was unanimously agreed to by the Committee . . .

In Cabinet last night it was determined to found on this Report a Bill simply of Divorce, and to leave foreign residence to be insisted on as a Condition of such Income as Parl^t should allow to the Queen. Mature Reflexion, and the intermediate Discussions, had convinced all the Ministers, who were originally adverse to Divorce, that such a Bill was open to the fewest objections.

The second reading of the Bill of Pains and Penalties in the Lords was adjourned until the Judges returned from circuit in

August. Both sides had made elaborate preparations. There was strong reason to believe that the Queen's supporters had been bribing the men of the Guards: while she herself took a house in St. James's Square, in order to have to pass Carlton House every day on her way to Westminster. Lord Castlereagh, who lived next door, barricaded his windows and slept at the office. The Duke of York, who was 'extremely popular with the Troops,' determined 'if occasion should arise for calling on the military to act, that he would keep his Horses saddled, and take the Command in person.' The entire police was mobilised, and barriers were erected at the entrances to Parliament Square: but the crowds proved to be far smaller than had been anticipated.

The long hearing ended on November the 6th with a vote of 123 to 95 in favour of the second reading. Of the minority, 'no one Speaker asserted the Queen's Innocence,' but some were opposed to Divorce on conscientious grounds, and some on grounds of expediency, and some thought that the King's conduct disentitled him to a divorce, while most voted according to party policy. The division was not good enough for the Government: it was 'uncertain whether the Bill will pass the Lords, and very improbable that it should pass the other House.' But the Cabinet could not decide to withdraw it. A deputation waited on the King 'at his Cottage in Windsor Park,' and got his consent to the withdrawal of the divorce clause. The Archbishop of York moved for its omission in committee, and was supported by Lord Liverpool: but the Opposition voted its retention, as most likely to be fatal to the Bill, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and a majority of peers supported them for other reasons.

Friday Nov. 10. The Bill yesterday was reported with very little Observation. In the Evening a Cabinet was held, at which it was determined with the King's Assent that if the Majority on the 3rd reading did not amount to 10, the

Bill should be withdrawn. At this Cabinet a violent Attack was made by Ld. Liverpool in his nervous irritated manner upon the Ld. Chancellor as not having duly supported him. Ld. Eldon afterwards observed that the die was cast, and that it was impossible for him and Ld. L long to go on together. These Gusts of Passion . . . have lately broken out several times in the meetings of the Cabinet.

The third reading of the Bill having been carried by a Majority of 9 only (108 to 99), Ld Liverpool immediately rose, and proposed that further consideration of the Measure should be postponed for 6 months. Ld Grey was about to conclude a Short Speech of great Vehemence with an Amendment for the Rejection of the Bill ; but on a Hint from Ld Holland he abstained from proposing that question, which would probably have given a large Majority to the Ministers . . .

As soon as the House rose Ld. Liverpool accompanied at his particular desire by Ld. Sidmouth went to the King, They found him with his Mind made up to the Event, but he retained Ld. S after Ld. L, and with the strongest Expressions of Reliance on Ld. S's Friendship, told him that he found his Body his Nerves and his Spirits so shattered that he was unfit to cope with the Difficulties of his Station, and that he had serious Thoughts of retiring to Hanover, and leaving this Kingdom to the Duke of York.

The King's disappointment soon reacted against his ministers.

Wednesday, Nov 29. Canning, being at Paris when the Bill was abandoned, returned to England as soon as he heard of that Event. Since his Return he has been very restless. much disposed to resign himself, and to persuade Lord Liverpool to the same measure. The King meanwhile has received at Carlton House, Lord Grenville once openly, and

Lords Lauderdale and Donoughmore several times secretly. His professed object has been to show them Papers in his Possession respecting an Affair, which occurred in 1813, when the Queen having fostered an Intimacy between her Daughter and Capt Hesse, shut them into a Room together, and locked the Door with a View of affording them an Opportunity for a criminal Connexion. The King is now desirous of bringing forward this Transaction for the purpose of inculcating the Queen, not considering that it is difficult if not incapable of satisfactory Proof, and that its publication is more likely to excite Indignation against the King for now divulging it in Prejudice to the Princess Charlotte's Memory, than Reprobation of the Queen. The King probably has not confined his Communications with the above-mentioned Noblemen, as he professes, to this Subject. (Note in text : I have since learnt that by Lord Donoughmore he sent Messages to Lord Lansdowne, Ld Grey, and Lord Wellesley.) With Lord Donoughmore certainly he has conversed as to the Restoration of the Queen's Name to the Liturgy, and untruly represented to him that he is himself willing to concede the Point, but that his Ministers prevent him. Sir John Leach and Sir Wm Knighton continue to be received on the most familiar footing at Carlton House, and may probably be carrying on some Intrigue with the Opposition. The latter is in the Habit of conveying the Marchioness of Conyngham clandestinely to Carlton House at times when Sir B. Bloomfield is sent out of the Way, that he may be enabled to deny the Fact. The King scarcely makes a Secret of his Dissatisfaction with Ld. Liverpool, and seems to have withdrawn much of the Confidence which he reposed in the Chancellor and Ld. Castlereagh. In short there is none of his Ministers, who has any material Influence over him, except Ld. Sidmouth, in whom he expresses his

entire confidence. The Duke of York sees the paralyzing Effect of the King's Character and Conduct on the Gov^t, and does everything in his Power to keep Things on a proper Footing, rendering at the same time to the King more than the Justice, which the latter denies to the Duke, whenever he has an Opportunity.

In December, Canning ultimately resigned : Peel was sounded as to filling his place, but was not pressed to come in. On January the 23rd, 1821, Parliament reassembled, and the King's Speech only mentioned the Queen to the extent of recommending a pecuniary provision for her. The disappointment thus caused among the Opposition was enhanced by Castlereagh's 'direct disavowal of any further criminatory Measures.' By this time popular feeling in the Queen's favour had mostly spent itself : the King was well received on his way to Westminster, and an amendment to the Reply was defeated by 101 votes.

The King was very much elated by these Circumstances, and began immediately to recur to the Notion of a Divorce, and to that of producing the Papers relative to Capt. Hesse. At an Audience, which Ld. Sidmouth had on Friday, he conjured the King to lay aside all Thoughts of both these Schemes ; urging, with Respect to the Divorce, that the present Turn of popular Opinion in his Favour rose from the Belief that no such Measure was contemplated ; and with regard to the other Point, that the Production of the Papers was more likely to excite popular Indignation against himself than Abhorrence of the Queen. The King admitted there was much in what Ld. S said, and seemed to lay aside the Projects he before had ; but he probably will recur to them at some future Period, for it appears to be the Character of his Mind to revert to favourite Plans, forgetting the Arguments by which he has been once convinced of the Impracticability.

A Bill was introduced to grant the Queen an annuity of £50,000, and passed with little opposition before the end of February. The Queen announced by Brougham that 'she would take no money until she was instated in all her Rights'; but the very day after the Royal Assent was given, she 'sent to Coutts's to enquire whether they had received the Money.' It appeared that her original attitude had been encouraged by the hope of a subscription for her support being got together by the Whig peers, which, though it began well with a promise of £10,000 a year from Lord Fitzwilliam, soon passed into oblivion. But every advantage gained by the Government only made the King more impossible to handle.

The King has determined to be crowned on the 18th of June, and afterwards to make a Voyage to Ireland . . . Tomorrow he returns to Brighton, where he has spent nearly the whole Winter in dalliance with Lady Conyngham, who possesses a complete Dominion over him. It was probably in great measure at her Instance that he projected his intended Trip to Ireland. But he has yielded to the Advice of his Ministers, and determined to go to no private House in that Island, nor to any place except Dublin.

Lady Conyngham was on intimate terms with Lord Grey, and encouraged the King in his attitude towards Liverpool. Their next quarrel was over the appointment of an obscure curate called Sumner, who was tutor to Lady Conyngham's son, to a canonry of Windsor. Liverpool prevailed once again; and the vacant stall was given to 'the King's private Chaplain Dr Stanier Clarke, a paltry Sycophant'; but his relations with the King were more strained than ever, and the King openly abused him to his visitors at Brighton.

In February, a motion in favour of Catholic Emancipation was

very unexpectedly carried in the Commons ; Canning thereupon returned from Paris to support the subsequent Bill, which passed the lower House by 19 votes. In the Lords, it was expected that ' it would to some extent be carried.'

Lord Liverpool . . . began to waver, and asked Lord Sidmouth, whether it would not be the most prudent Course to make the Bill as good as they could, and let it pass. Upon Ld S's reminding him of the Line he took on former Debates, and assuring him that he would fight against the Bill strenuously to the last, Ld L buckled on his Harness and screwed up his Courage ; but Mischief had certainly been done to the cause by his wavering . . . Great Pains were also taken to inculcate a Belief that the King was not hostile to it, and this no doubt operated upon some imbecile Members of both Houses. The King, who seems to have no Opinions of his own, but to be operated on by those around him, while Lady Hertford was in his Confidence, was a vehement Anticatholic ; but Lady Conyngham is of a different Party, and has probably prevailed on the King, if not to change at least to relax in his Sentiments.

The Duke of York, of sterner stuff, made a strong speech in the Lords against the Bill, thinking it ' right for the Public to know that one at least of the Royal Family remembered the Terms upon which that Family succeeded to the Throne,' for which he received the unanimous thanks of the Bishops. In a later conversation at Brighton between the King and the Duke, ' the King, asserted that his Opinions had undergone no change, but admitted that he had been looking at the Coronation Oath, and found it less strong than he had imagined it to be.'

In May the King successfully underwent a serious operation for the removal of a tumour from his skull, ' proceeding from a Blow which he received in the Summer of 1819 in passing through a

Window at Ld Liverpool's at Combe Wood'—perhaps a contributory factor towards his dislike of the Prime Minister.

The entire month of June was occupied by discussions as to changes in the Cabinet. Lord Sidmouth was anxious to retire; Lord Liverpool was determined to readmit Canning; the King was extremely averse to either of these alterations. The death of Lady Liverpool exacerbated the Prime Minister's ill-temper: while Lady Conyngham excited the King's aversion to Canning, by whom he declared that he had been personally affronted. In the midst of the general recriminations which went on, Hobhouse entirely omits any mention of the splendours of the Coronation, or of the fiasco which attended the Queen's attempt to mar the ceremony, though it appears from his correspondence that he was heavily engaged with the necessary arrangements to exclude her from the Abbey.

The evils of feminine influence were once more exemplified in July.

July 3. The Duke of Wellington is dissatisfied with the King, partly because after refusing to dine with his Grace, the King conferred that Honour on the Duke of Devonshire; and partly, because after authorizing a Statement to the Duke of W. that he should consult him on the recent State of Affairs, he failed to send for him. The Duke, at a recent Audience, after hearing the King's Complaints, said in his brusque manner, 'If you do not like us, why do you not turn us out?' The King made no answer, and the Duke after a short Pause made his Bow. The secret History of the Dinner at Devonshire House is said to be that Lady Conyngham is anxious to marry one of her Daughters to the Duke. This is the first Instance in modern Times of the King dining with a Subject in London. It has excited considerable Observation on all sides, and seems open to just

Exception, the Duke being decidedly in Opposition ; for if it means nothing, it is calculated to impose on the Duke's Party ; if it means anything, it is unfair towards the Ministers.

The Duke of Wellington in conversation with Sir Benjamin Bloomfield expressed his views upon the harmful influence of Lady Conyngham in no uncertain terms, and was persuaded to furnish a minute of what he had said.

(Wednesday, Aug 1) The King in consequence fixed last Friday, and on that day was sumptuously entertained by the Duke. At this Dinner the King behaved with pointed Rudeness to Lord Liverpool in the Presence of the foreign Ministers . . . The King at length acquainted Ld L that he should appoint the Duke of Montrose Ld. Chamberlain, and that when in Ireland he should lay his Commands on Ld. Conyngham to take the Mastership of the Horse. Upon this a Cabinet was summoned on Monday by Ld. L, where it was determined to resist the appointment of Ld C, and lest the King should complain, if that Determination were not reported to him before his Departure for Dublin, it was further determined to communicate the Resolution to him forthwith, and Ld. Sidmouth being the Minister who was to accompany him to Ireland was selected as the one who should make the Communication.

At first the King took the stand that his resolve was unalterable, and that the household appointments were entirely his own concern. But Sidmouth, well accustomed by now to these unpleasant interviews, was able to hold his own.

A great deal of confidential Conversation passed between them, in which Lord S strongly urged the Necessity of the King maintaining in the View of the People an exterior

Correctness of Deportment, which if maintained leads away the People from enquiring minutely into what passes within ; and the King insisted on the Necessity of his enjoying some female Society. In fine the King gave way, and promised to make no Appointment until his Return from Ireland, but intimated his Intention of then nominating Lord Conyngham before his Departure for Hanover, which he said would take place within 5 Days after his Return from Ireland. Lord S thought it was unnecessary to debate about what should then take place, and returned to his Colleagues, who continued sitting, and were no little pleased with the success of his Expedition.

Scarcely were they rid of the King and Lady Conyngham than the satisfaction of the Cabinet was crowned by the Queen's death, an event which had not the remotest connection, if the diary is to be believed, with her disappointment at being turned away from the Coronation.

No sooner had the King sailed from Portsmouth than the Queen was seized with an obstinate Obstruction of the Bowels, which carried her off on the 7th inst . . . The Queen's Disorder was caused by her taking a large Quantity of Magnesia on the 30th ulto., which operated inconveniently as she was going to the Play in the Evening. To counteract this Effect, she took a Dose of Laudanum, which locked up the Mass of Magnesia. Her attendants were not aware of the Mischief till the 2nd Augt, when the Obstruction had become intensely obstinate. No passage was forced till the Night of the 6th, when Nature was too far exhausted.

Her death was not allowed to interfere with the Irish programme, though the King assented to Court mourning.

LAUNCELOT IN LYONNESSE.

BY MARGARET DARRELL.

LAUNCELOT drew rein at the brow of the hill and the clinking of his horse armour died into silence. Below him the track dipped sharply and was soon lost amongst the undergrowth that clustered about the edges of the Bois des Morts. To right and to left the high ground swept in a semicircle, the barren moors of Cornwall embracing this northern border of Lyonesse. Between the two territories, as effective as any fortified wall, lay the tangled growth of the forest upon whose slowly swaying tops he now looked down as upon a turgid sea.

All was very much the same as it had been upon that morning six years ago when he had paused upon his journey to Castle Perilous, to fight in that tournament in which Gareth of Orkney was to win the hand of the Lady of Lyonesse. The barren moorland, the dark forest, the glimpse of fertile meadows and of sparkling sea beyond, all these were unchanged. Familiar too was the up-thrusting conical hill that rose like an island in the belt of trees, bearing a hermit's cell on its rocky peak.

The scene was the same, yet the circumstances were tragically different. Then he had been accompanied by a gallant and cheerful retinue, stalwart knights, several of whom were his own nephews, squires and pages, pack-horses, chargers, riding jennets, all the following of King Arthur's favourite knight. Now he was unattended, his horse was serviceable but undistinguished, his shield was bare of device. Gareth lay dead and he was an exile on whose head lay a price for any who chose to betray him.

A little tightening of the muscles of the mouth, a slight narrowing of the hawk-like eyes were all that gave hint of bitter thoughts. Suffering and pride had laid their seal upon his face, stilling the mobile vivacity of youth, carving deep lines about the mouth and nostrils, freezing all into the semblance of a watchful mask. It was with no touch of fear but with the practised vigilance of the soldier that Launcelot glanced behind him. Seeing that the moors showed no sign of life, he raised the visor of his helmet sufficiently to place in position a square of linen with holes cut for the eyes, closing the steel again over a face that had become featureless and vaguely terrifying. The linen mask was hot, but it might preserve his disguise if he were challenged. There were enough knights carrying out some fantastic vow or other to make plausible his fiction of a penance of namelessness. He did not want to fight, yet if he were recognised in Lyonesse it would be that or instant death; and Launcelot would fight. Life did not hold much attraction, but he had a fastidious dislike of the idea of dying at the hands of the rabble of Lyonesse, whom he despised.

A touch of the spur set his horse in motion again and it began to slither down the track. In half a mile the trees closed in overhead and Launcelot had considerable difficulty in finding his way. He met no one, not even a stray charcoal-burner. The Bois des Morts had never been cheerful, but now it was oppressive in the gloom of the matted trees. It was with a sense of relief that at last he saw sunlight ahead, even though the open country meant imminent danger.

It was easier than he expected. Although it was high noon the fields were deserted and in a straggling hamlet men lifted incurious eyes to watch him pass. The way was plain, for the towers of Castle Perilous rose proudly across

the plain. Launcelot rode on, unhurrying yet unwearying, as a man rides whose goal is fixed.

Nevertheless, when little more than a mile lay between him and the castle outposts, Launcelot dismounted and let his horse crop the sweet grass at the roadside. He had ridden since soon after dawn and hunger had begun to make itself felt. He could not ask for food from those who would certainly count themselves his enemies, so that here, where pious hands had set a stone to catch the trickle of an ice-cold spring, he took his ration of bread and goats' milk cheese from the saddle-bag and, thrusting the linen mask into a position from which it could be twitched down in haste, ate and drank with a joyless determination.

The brief meal was soon ended, but he continued to sit, elbow on knee, musing over the deserted landscape. Something struck him as significantly different, but his former visit had been in company that had given him little time for reflection. The sound of a step behind him made him pull the mask over his face and jerked him back to watchful attention.

'Give you good day, sir.'

The wavering voice was thick with the Southern accent, but the language it spoke was intelligible, not the uncouth patois of Lyonnaise. Launcelot saw an old man, a petty merchant or trader by his dress, who was gazing at him with interest.

'Give you good day, father,' he returned, and raised his hand in salute.

'You have come from far?' The remark was as much a statement as a question.

'From Cornwall.' Of what good to deny it when any stranger was a marked man in this closed land of Lyonnaise?

'From Cornwall—ah!'

The conversation seemed in danger of lapsing altogether. Launcelot was in no mood to start any fresh topic and the old man stood silent, leaning on his staff. Nevertheless, he spoke at last, hesitatingly.

‘You come from King Mark’s court?’

‘No.’

The denial was quicker than was perhaps politic, but not even in this hour of danger could Launcelot tolerate the suspicion that he was one of that brotherhood.

‘From King Arthur then?’

‘No. From overseas.’

‘Aye. I thought so, perhaps. Maybe you know Sir Launcelot?’

In its sudden directness, the question was startling, but Launcelot’s voice was steady in answer.

‘I have known him.’

The audacity of the avowal seemed to check the old man and for a minute or two his mouth worked, but no words came. Then he returned to the attack, his red-rimmed eyes peering at the impassive mask.

‘What do you here alone amongst us? For whom do you seek? No friends of Launcelot come here.’

Slowly Launcelot rose to his full height and with quiet deliberation he strode over to his horse, tightening the girth and examining the bit. He swung himself into the saddle and, with the gentle movements of the practised horseman, edged his mount over to where the old man stood. Looking down on him he said:

‘I come to pay my respects to the tomb of my Lord Gareth. As for my reasons for coming unattended and in disguise,—he touched the linen mask—‘that is a matter which concerns me alone. I give you good day.’

He had ridden several paces down the road when the

sound of faint shouts made him look back. The old man was waving his staff and hobbling after him as fast as his aged limbs would carry him.

'My lord! My lord!' he cried as he came within ear-shot again. 'An I had known that you were a lover of our Lord Gareth, I had not spoken as I did. I pray you give me pardon. Suffer me to be your guide. If you are a stranger in Lyonesse, you will scarce pass the gates unless a citizen go with you.'

'And you hope to reap silver,' thought Launcelot as he stared down at the shifty eyes and pinched, greedy mouth. Nevertheless, he knew the man spoke rightly. Better accept his company and pay him than be held for question at every turn. With none too good a grace he assented and they resumed their slow pace across the plain.

As they went, Launcelot marvelled afresh at the bad repair of the track. Twice they had to make a detour where a long arm of the encroaching sea had eaten its way across the causeway, leaving now, at low tide, a channel of treacherous mud and pools of scummy water. As they drew nearer, he could see too the sea-wall, breached and ruinous, and could mark the white line of the destroying salt far flung over what once had been fertile land. To his comment, the guide shrugged his shoulders.

'Since my lord died, none care,' he said. 'What will be, will be. Work on the dykes was heavy and now there is none to drive men to it.'

'But the Lady of Lyonesse—'

'Is but a woman—and there is no heir. The child in her womb died when she learned of my lord's murder. God damn Launcelot and all his works,' he added with savage vehemence.

Launcelot bowed his head over his horse's neck, fumbling

with the bridle. He had thought that he was past all suffering, but the sight of the ravaged land and the horror of the senile curse stung him more than any sword wound. He asked no more questions.

His guide seemed to be well enough known, for after a short parley they were admitted through the city gates and none molested them in the narrow streets. For a moment he thought they were going to enter the Abbey Church, but the old man turned left to where the ground was clear for a bow-shot's length before the Sally-port of the Castle Perilous itself.

'My Lord Gareth is buried in the Castle Chapel,' said he; 'you must leave your horse here.'

The little eyes glinted at him evilly and Launcelot wondered if he were walking into a trap. Then he dismounted. From the moment that he had crossed the borders of Lyonesse, he had put himself into a snare; of what use to draw back now?

The old man had gone forward to speak to the guards and once again he was passed without question. The drawbridge clanged hollow beneath his feet and the inner walls towered above him. They passed the ordered bustle of the Outer Baily, were engulfed momentarily in the shadow of a low arched passage, and came to the quiet sunlight of the Inner Baily where the Chapel lifted its airy pinnacles of new gleaming stone at the foot of the massive walls of the Keep.

Launcelot halted.

'Leave me now,' he ordered; 'I will find my own way back. Here is thanks for your services.'

The old man mumbled unintelligibly, but his fingers clutched at the proffered silver and presently he turned reluctantly away. Launcelot lifted his helmet and the

mask and with bowed head passed beneath the carven portal.

At first his eyes could see nothing clearly after the glare of the outside sunlight, but he made out that the Chapel was, by singular good fortune, empty. Then he paused irresolute. Where he had expected to see one only, there were two tombs, two carven figures lying with their feet towards the high altar. Heraldic decorations, bright almost as the day when the painter had left them, gave him his answer. The tomb on the right was that of Gaheris, Gareth's elder brother by some six years, and killed with him in that self-same bitter fray. He had forgotten Gaheris, had forgotten that he had married Linet, the half-sister of the Lady of Lyonesse. Launcelot turned left, past the gay hope of the phoenix emblem, and looked down at last on the stone effigy of the boy he had knighted, of the boy that he had killed.

Long did he gaze down, bowed and leaning on the hilts of his two-handed sword. The sculptor had done his work well. There was the broad brow, the finely shaped nose, the gentle, humorous mouth and the strongly moulded chin. But the laughing eyes were shut, the alabaster was white and cold, and the body of Gareth, that young supple body with all its grace and strength, lay in the darkness beneath, thrust out of life by a blind sweep of his murderous sword drawn in that frenzied battle for the rescue of Guenevere.

Almost unconsciously Launcelot slid to his knees, till his hot forehead rested on the cool marble border of the tomb. Beneath his outflung hands he felt the chill reproach of the carven knees, but in the agony of that moment there was no coherent thought. Obeying a blind instinct, a dim confused thought of reparation to the spirit of his friend,

he had journeyed here, oblivious of personal danger, without thought of what would happen after. Now he was at his journey's end and all was in vain. He tried to think of Gareth as he had knighted him on the hill above Caerleon-upon-Usk, of the young lover visiting him before the great tournament in Lyonesse, of Gareth on the tower of Camelot on the eve of his wedding. But the conjured visions would not stay. Ever there flickered before his mind's eye the murk of that dull winter's afternoon, the smoky glare of the lit faggots, Guenevere's red-gold hair streaming over the mud-stained whiteness of her shift, the bestial faces of the crowd and the thin line of palace guards, mown down like grass before the charge of armoured horse.

He threw his spirit back, through the reeking phantasmas of the remembered fight, seeking the face of his friend. He failed. As the waters veil the face of a drowned man, so the dark memories blotted it out, showing it to him blood-stained and pale, as in fact he had never seen it, but as it had hung before his inner vision ever since they had told him the outcome of the fight. Here, at the tomb's foot, he had sought to recapture the memory of the boy that he had loved, in agony he sought to pierce the barrier, crying soundlessly not for forgiveness but for understanding of the wrong that he had done. He could not have said for what he had hoped, but the reality was disillusion and very bitter, deep despair. Death was a fortress he could not storm and beneath his hands the tomb struck cold.

'What man is this?'

The question, uttered ringingly in that quiet place, was the first intimation that he was no longer alone. Lifting eyes dazed by the inner struggle, Launcelot saw two women standing at the farther side of the tombs. Beyond them, in the sunlit arch of the door, he glimpsed a medley of squires and pages and one grey-headed figure, his erstwhile guide.

The women were robed in black, close-veiled and whimpled. He took them for nuns. Stiffly he rose to his feet.

‘I crave your forgiveness——’

‘Launcelot—Oh God!’

It was the smaller who cried out at him, white as wax.

He knew them now—Linet, widow of Gaheris, and little Liliás, the Lady of Lyonesse, Gareth’s much-loved bride. For one frozen moment they stared at each other across the tombs. He saw Liliás shrink as from a threatened blow, saw Linet fling her arms about her and heard her cry a shrill command, then there was a rush and clatter of men’s feet, startled exclamations and the scrape of steel. In an instant he had his back to a pillar and a semicircle of space lay about him, the length of his drawn sword. Beyond that space swayed a hedge of faces, angry eyes and cursing, snarling mouths, the unarmed squires who, like mongrel dogs yapping just beyond the mastiff’s reach, growled threats but did not dare to close.

This, then, was the end. He did not fear the rabble in front of him, but he had neither helmet nor shield. Just so soon as one of the men recovered his wits sufficiently to fetch a war mace or even a halberd, Launcelot knew that his life was forfeit. So this was the end of the journey. A life for a life. Expiation at the foot of the graves of those whom he had slain in error. He acknowledged the justice of his fate, but settled his shoulders more firmly against the pillar and his sword-point pricked a too adventurous youth.

‘Back! Make way!’

Slowly and sullenly the ranks parted before the command and in the opening he saw Liliás again. Very tiny she was, but very proud.

‘Back! Who gave you command to set upon this man?’

Foot by foot they yielded place, till in the cleared space Launcelot and the Lady stood alone. He lowered the point of his sword and stood, leaning upon its hilts.

‘How came you here?’

‘I came alone.’

‘Why?’

‘You saw. I came to pray at the tomb of—my friend.’

He saw her hands clench upon her rosary and for a moment her eyes dropped. When she spoke again it was more gently.

‘What seek you now?’

‘To go—as I have come.’

‘Go—in peace.’

‘Lilias!’

Linet’s shrill protest rang through the arched roof of the Chapel and was echoed by a growl from the assembled men.

‘You cannot let this man go.’

The Lady turned in anger.

‘He is alone. Are we wolves to conquer by weight of numbers?’

‘He is a murderer—outside the Law.’

‘In this place I am the Law. I say that he shall go—unscathed.’

‘In God’s name—why?’ Linet’s mouth was drawn to a thin pale line, the skin was stretched over the cheek-bones below her hollow eyes, her once laughing face was changed to a mask of hate. ‘He is a slayer of unarmed men—an outlaw—a dog to be killed. He slew Gareth—’

‘I claim a widow’s rights.’ The Lady of Lyonesse looked round the circle and the clamour sank. ‘His life is forfeit to me, mine to hold or to destroy. Captain of the Guard, in your trust I place him. Take him to the Keep.’

At the Lady's command, the guard forced its way through, hedging him about with a wall of steel. Thus protected they made their way to the door where Linet now stood with arms outflung.

'I too have a widow's rights,' she screamed; 'I claim revenge!' And of a sudden she ran towards the Outer Bailey, her black disordered robes giving her the appearance of a monstrous bird. Some of the crowd began to follow and a cry went up beyond the walls. In the distance a bell clanged hurriedly with broken rhythms.

The Captain turned to the Lady who stood beside them at the head of the Chapel steps.

'She will rouse the City,' he said; 'they do not love strangers.'

'Let her try,' answered Liliass. 'Lift the draw-bridge. I am mistress here.'

Five minutes later Launcelot heard the dull thud of the great bridge jarring home and, lifting his hand to his brow, he found it wet with sweat.

They took him to a pleasant enough chamber, high up in the central tower. There was no view from the narrow window, but the air blew in fresh and tinged with the smell of the sea. The Captain said little and, posting two men outside the door, withdrew, leaving him to himself.

Presently there came a page, bearing a venison pasty and a horn of mead.

'I have no mind to eat,' said Launcelot, but the boy set them on the table.

'My lady's order,' he mumbled, and went out again.

Launcelot stood at the window-slit and listened. A far tumult and the clanging of the bells told him that Linet had done her part effectively enough. What now? Would Liliass keep him prisoner, defying her own people, or would

she yield him to the maddened crowd? Or would she, playing as a cat plays with a mouse, pretend clemency and set him free beyond the walls? He knew just how much his life would be worth, a lone man with the country raised against him. He might, if they risked an open fight, kill a score or so, but numbers would tell in the end. It would be much as when he had watched a stag dragged down by the hounds and afterwards—Launcelot shuddered. The rabble of Lyonesse were but one degree removed from savagery.

They had left him his sword and for a moment he wondered if he would end all cleanly, by his own hand. He gave the idea no real consideration, however, for it was utterly foreign to his character. Suicide was the irrevocable surrender to Fate, the final admission that man was beaten by circumstance. While life still flowed in him, hope existed and flung out a challenge to his proud spirit to achieve the seemingly impossible.

He stood at the window-slit and pondered so deeply that he did not hear the Lady enter.

‘You have not eaten?’

He started at her voice. Her mourning robes struck a chill note in the room already golden with the westering sun. He bowed low as he answered.

‘I have no need of food. I pray you excuse me.’

‘Yet you shall eat. You have a journey before you.’

Launcelot stared a little. Her voice was light and quiet. She spoke as though she stated an accomplished fact rather than issued a command and yet he felt a sense of compulsion.

‘I pray you be seated and eat,’ she continued in the same quiet tones. ‘Time passes and I would speak with you. But you must eat first.’

Launcelot sat. He had no quarrel with Lilius of Lyon-

nesse. Rather his heart was touched with a very genuine pity and remorse for the sufferings that he had brought upon her. Up to that moment he had thought only of Gareth and of his own loss, but now he found himself thinking of the position of this girl widowed by his hand. He began to guess at her age. She had been very young when Gareth had wedded her—she must be little more than twenty now. Once or twice, in the course of that silent meal, he stole a glance at her still profile as she sat a little turned from him, her eyes on the strip of sky beyond the window. In that light, outlined against the shadowed wall, her face had an ageless look, neither young nor old, a mask carved in alabaster by some forgotten master.

He was glad when he could push back the empty trencher and drain the horn of mead. Then, and only then, did she turn to him again.

‘You have finished? Good. Now we can talk. Where is your escort?’

For a moment he hesitated, surprised by the blunt question. Then he told her. It was Mark’s land and out of her jurisdiction. She frowned a little.

‘East of the Lizard Head? That is too far. I cannot send you as far as that. If we land you at Henliston, could you make your way across the Head?’

‘Of a surety, but—’ Launcelot stammered a little, ‘you—you are not intending to set me free?’

‘Why not? Did I not say as much in the Chapel yonder?’

‘But I—Gareth—Linnet spoke truth.’

‘You expect me to revenge myself on you for Gareth’s death?’ Her composure disconcerted him and he found that he could not meet the gaze of those light grey eyes, clear as shadowed water. ‘Would your death give me

back my lord? Moreover, you slew unknowing, not in hate.'

'And you bear me no malice?' All Launcelot's bewilderment were in the question.

'Malice, hate?' She seemed to ponder a moment and something of her tranquillity broke. She rose, pacing the chamber with short quick steps. 'Hate?' she repeated. 'Yes, I hated you once. When they brought him home and would not let me see his face—the way is long from Camelot. And when I knew that no child of mine would ever call him father. You slew two when you killed Gareth. Did you know that, Launcelot? Yes. I hated you then, you and your golden harlot!'

'Madam!'

'Seek not your sword. I fear no steel.' She leaned across the table and he saw that she had, indeed, no fear. It was he who shrank from her and her pale lips parted in a mirthless smile.

'You are angry,' she continued in that same light, quiet tone that hurt like a flick on a raw wound. 'You are angry because I have miscalled your lover. Yet I tell you that to-day I shall speak what I will and you shall not gainsay me. This hour is mine. For once you shall hear the truth.'

'Abuse me as you will, but let be the Queen.'

'Nay, why should I spare her? I am no man to gloss my words because of her beauty. We are woman and woman. My hate is for her, not for you who are but a woman's dupe. Ah, that stung you, did it not, proud Launcelot? You have thought of yourself as the world's great lover, damned but glorious. I tell you that you have sold your manhood to one who never knew its worth, who never saw aught in you save the reflection of her own vanity. Look back, Launcelot, look back in the mirror

of your past life and say when Guenevere has ever loved you better than herself ?'

'Silence, woman,' Launcelot broke in furiously. 'You know nothing. Our secrets are our own.'

'Your secrets ?' She mocked at him joylessly. 'Secrets ! And it is more than twenty years since minstrels first sang of your love for Guenevere ! Fool, strip this glamour from your eyes. This lust between you has been the rift through which Mordred and all his treacheries have crept. It has given cover and excuse to half the licence that rots the Court and makes a mock of Arthur's hopes for the Table Round. You bid me touch not your sacred mysteries, yet you yourself blazoned it to all Christendom when you slew twenty men to save the Queen from her just rewards !'

'Would you have me let her burn ?'

'Yes.'

The bitter monosyllable rang through the room, but with it the anger died out of her.

'Nay—— It was then too late. You could not help yourself. Launcelot, I crave your pardon, I had not meant to rail on you for what is past.' Suddenly she seemed old and weary. 'The past is finished—a web we cannot unweave. And all our present is coloured by those threads that have their beginning beyond our recall. Oh God, that in our youth we did not know the pattern that we wove. And the future—what shall we do, what shall we do ? The skein is tangled and all is marred—for ever and for ever.'

For the first time she hid her face and wept.

'You are young still,' said Launcelot lamely when he could bear the silence no longer. She caught at his words.

'In years, yes. Would to God I were old. Have you ever thought what lies ahead ? The rule is to the strong. They loved Gareth and he might have done great things, he

and the sons I could have borne. Now the land lies helpless, fruit for any man's plucking, and the people wait. Sooner or later some freebooter will come, some pirate from the Sea Lands or landless man from the Welsh hills, and will take the land—and me with it.'

'That might not be so evil a thing as you fear, Lady.'

She lifted her head and looked at him, the tears wet upon her cheeks.

'When that day comes, Launcelot, I die. Gareth and I knew what love meant, as *you* have never known it. I will call no other man lord. I shall die, Launcelot, and by my own hand if need be. When that day comes and you hear the tidings, you shall remember me.'

Launcelot winced, for her words bit deep.

'Why do you not call your men and make an end since you hate me so?' he asked.

She shook her head.

'I have told you. I do not hate you now. I pity you.'

'Pity?' The great Sir Launcelot was startled. In all his days of arrogant pride none had dared to pity him to his face.

'Yes. Pity. A word that you have not used much, either for yourself or others.' Her composure had returned and she spoke with deliberation. 'God planned you nobly, Launcelot, but a woman marred you. For your pride that has driven you down roads that you would not have chosen and for your strength that has never let you learn humility, I pity you.'

There fell a silence. All courtly ceremony, all custom of chivalry had gone. They were man and woman looking back on the wreckage of their lives and savouring the full bitterness of that phrase 'too late.'

At last, with a weary gesture, Lilius rose.

'The sun is near setting,' she said. 'My Lord Launcelot, follow me.'

Without question he followed, down the dark twisting stairs and down again till the air grew cold and his out-flung hand was wet from the dripping stones. At last they stood by a small strongly barred door behind which the sea thundered close. In the gloom Liliás paused with her hand upon the bolt.

'This is the end,' she said. 'You will be taken across the bay to the landing above Henliston, from whence you must make your way alone. Go in silence lest the sentry hear and give the alarm.'

Launcelot bent his knee. She checked the word on his lip.

'Do not thank me. Thank the memory of my Lord Gareth.'

'If ever I can serve you—'

She checked him again, speaking hurriedly.

'If you would serve me, my lord, let us not meet again. Too many ghosts walk with us. Go now—in peace.'

With a grinding of unused hinges she dragged the door open and the inrush of the wind and the noise of the sea drowned Launcelot's reply. They stood at the foot of the battlements, just above high-water mark, and rocking a spear's length away floated a small boat with a solitary oarsman. In silence Launcelot clambered over the rocks, his mailed feet slipping on the weed, and took his place in the boat. The hooded rower bent to his oars and they drew away from the land.

Launcelot looked back at the great walls, but the little figure had disappeared and the door was closed. Shivering, he drew his cloak about him and bent his gaze on the farther shore.

THE GREAT WAR IN POETRY.

BY HERBERT PALMER.

THE Great War gave birth to a tremendous sheaf of War Poetry, written from every point of view, some of it very good, and only a little of it wholly bad. No war in historical memory has called forth a quarter of such quantity united to high quality, for the plain reason that national emotions never before, for any length of time, rose to such flaming heat. Most of the enduring poems were written by actual soldiers, as, of course, they should have been; and out of a notable score one calls quickly to mind Julian Grenfell's *Into Battle*, Rupert Brooke's *Soldier*, Wilfred Owen's *Greater Love*, Major Maurice Baring's *In Memoriam, A. H.*, and John McCrae's *In Flanders Fields* (the poppy-poem of Armistice Day)—this last strangely misapplied, because, the symbol of the poem being really the blue forget-me-not, the red poppy of Oblivion should be surrounded by a fringe of these flowers.

I suppose that the first war poem of any consequence was a lyric by Harold Begbie published in a daily newspaper a few weeks after the commencement of hostilities. As a stirring piece of propaganda and call to arms it was effective enough, but could not in any way stand for more than a period. Another early war poem, much better, and rather unfortunately obscured by time (written also during the first weeks of the War) is Ford Madox Hueffer's *Antwerp*. It was published by Harold Monroe's Poetry Bookshop, and occupied seven sheets. On the cover was a rhapsodical futurist (or vorticist) design of a Belgian soldier by Wyndham Lewis, and the poem which combined futurism with tra-

ditional measures and rhyming was written in something of the same key. Though a reckless and occasional nonsensical piece of work, it is a pity that it has been forgotten, for it is full of gorgeous things of this quality :

*' For the white-limbed heroes of Hellas ride by upon their horses
For ever through our brains.
The heroes of Cressy ride by upon their stallions ;
And battalions and battalions and battalions—
The Old Guard, the Young Guard, the men of Minden and of
Waterloo,
Pass, for ever staunch,
Stand for ever true ;
And the small man with the large paunch,
And the grey coat, and the large hat, and the hands behind the
back,
Watches them pass
In our minds for ever . . .
But that clutter of sodden corpses
On the sodden Belgian grass—
That is a strange new beauty.'*

Many of the other known poets of the time, from Thomas Hardy and Masfield downwards, contributed, in one way or another, to the passionate outburst of resentment, patriotism and sorrow. But the war verse which was to stir the imaginative and cultured public to attention, chiefly came from the soldiers themselves, and was written during their military preparations in England or scribbled on bits of paper between their moments of active service in the trenches. The note at first was patriotic enough, the key poems supplied by Rupert Brooke's *The Soldier* and Julian Grenfell's *Into Battle*, with its eternally memorable :

*' And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these ;
And he is dead who will not fight ;
And who dies fighting has increase.'*

And that distinguished naturalist and pastoral poet Edward Thomas (not to be confused with another soldier poet, Edward Thompson) joined in with :

*' Up with the light,
To the old wars;
Arise, Arise ! '*

Rarely, strange to say, was there any strong denunciation of the Enemy, though Lord Gorell voiced the more general national feelings during the middle of the War with *Song before Battle*, culminating in a very stirring battle stanza :

*' We are rising now, a nation's tide,
And you must dig and wire and quail,
Your turn at last beneath our guns,
Your turn to find defences frail.
We are bursting in, we are breaking through ;
The great sea sweeps your barriers down.
You urge anew your claim on God,
But He is silent as you drown.
Look to yourselves, O Huns ! '*

That, of course, like Julian Grenfell's stanza, can be otherwise applied (as much real poetry can be re-applied) and invested with a symbolical significance. As regards something better known, it was the symbolical or universal side of John McCrae's *Armistice Day* poem which set it on the shelf of permanence, though actually it was a call to arms :

*' Take up our quarrel with the foe :
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch ; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.'*

Save Julian Grenfell's *Into Battle*, nothing better woven in the old-fashioned knightly spirit came out of the War than

Maurice Baring's *In Memoriam, A. H.* Maurice Baring has been connected with the Georgian revolt, and one of his distinguishing features is a studied conversational simplicity, so that in his numerous sonnets of a most transparent clarity he seems to be almost aiming at poems in monosyllables—though not always with complete success. But in *In Memoriam, A. H.*, a poem with a metrical texture rather similar to Milton's *Lycidas*, Maurice Baring not only reached the culmination of his lyrical powers but achieved one of the greatest elegies in the English tongue. Nearly every part of this colourful, beautiful poem is quotable, none more so than that which tells of the dead soldier's ascent into Paradise :

' Surely you found companions meet for you
In that high place ;
You met there face to face
Those you had never known, but whom you knew ;
Knights of the Table Round,
And all the very brave, the very true. . . . '

But it was not Milton and the Elizabethans with whom the soldier-poets went to school, but rather A. E. Housman and the realistic John Masfield. Sir Edmund Gosse during the War said that they had put A. E. Housman's *Shropshire Lad* into their knapsacks. This is not always quite plain, though the note of Housman seems to thread through much of their work. Well transmuted, it is certainly present in Edward Thompson's :

' And Tigris, racing seaward,
Remembers here a space
The storm of human anguish
That swept the desert's face.
The flocks are grey hyenas
And here the jackal feeds—
On the pastures of Sannaiyat,
Sannaiyat flanked with reeds.'

At any rate much of the hard acidity in Housman's *Shropshire Lad* crept into the later war verse. The notes of Julian Grenfell and Maurice Baring die down into realism and disillusionment—sometimes softened into bravado, or crossed by dreams of home, as in Robert Graves's *Queer Time* :

'The trouble is, things happen much too quick,
Up jump the Bosches, rifles thump and click,
You stagger, and the whole scene fades away;
Even good Christians don't like passing straight
From Tipperary or their Hymn of Hate
To Alleluia-chanting, and the chime
Of golden harps . . . and . . . I'm not well to-day . . .
It's a queer time.'

The 'whole scene fades away' is a reference to the scene of home and childhood; and this nostalgia ever creeps through the bitter contemplation of battlefield horrors and the pictures of maimed and ruined youth, as in Sassoon's :

'Return to greet me, colours that were my joy,
Not in the woeful crimson of men slain,
But shining as a garden; come with the streaming
Banners of dawn and sundown after rain.'

But Sassoon, fine soldier (like Lord Gorell and Edward Thompson he was decorated with the M.C.), fine poet, penetrating satirist, and master of words, if sometimes a little lacking in imaginative depth, and shying against the suggestive use of symbols (though his weird *Haunted* has a very symbolical content), writes equally frequently in this manner :

"We're none of us the same!" the boys reply.
"For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone blind;
Poor Jim's shot through the lungs and like to die;
And Bert's gone syphilitic; you'll not find
A chap who's served that hasn't found some change."
And the Bishop said: "The ways of God are strange!"

The manner of realistic speech had been made possible by Masfield's *Widow in the Bye Street*; and the influence of Masfield is still more obvious in the little anecdote of the suddenly uplifted soldier who was about to be killed, and didn't know what he was fighting for :

*' So Davies wrote : " This leaves me in the pink."
Then scrawled his name : " Your loving sweetheart, Willie."
With crosses for a hug. He'd had a drink
Of rum and tea ; and, though the barn was chilly
For once his blood ran warm ; he had pay to spend.
Winter was passing ; soon the year would mend.'*

The real Sassoon note, however—and there is a Sassoon who stands entirely on his own platform—is struck more plainly in :

*' The House is crammed : tier beyond tier they grin
And cackle at the Show, while prancing ranks
Of harlots shrill the chorus, drunk with din :
" We're sure the Kaiser loves the dear old Tanks ! " '*

*I'd like to see a Tank come down the stalls
Lurching to rag-time tunes, or " Home Sweet Home."
And there'd be no more jokes in Music-halls
To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume.'*

The poem reminds us of many strange things, not merely that the English were first to use tanks, but that among many of the soldiers any bitter feeling that they may have earlier entertained against the enemy was completely dying away, and that they were transferring their animosity to the civilians who had comfortable jobs at home and shouted patriotism while only too glad to keep out of trouble. Not only Sassoon, but also Charles Hamilton Sorley, a soldier-poet of great promise who was killed (but who wrote little verse directly applicable to the War), voiced this feeling of for-

givenness to the enemy. In his sonnet *To Germany* he cries
 "You are blind like us," and adds :

‘When it is peace, then we may view again
 With new-won eyes each other’s truer form,
 And wonder.’

Pride in their military calling after the first ardours had died down was rarely expressed in the verse of these soldier-poets ; so that when it does occur it is to be wondered at and almost admired. Perhaps it was struck more frequently after the War was over, a notable example being Edward Thompson’s *The Author writes his own Epitaph* :

‘Stranger, if passing by you seek to learn
 What man was he whose ashes fill this urn—
 Know : there’s a ghost remembers now by Styx
 He marched with Maude, was with the few who first
 The embattled sandhills of Samara burst,
 And once hit Faulkner over the ropes for six.’

But the speech is very restrained. Of exultation there is little, for the great in-memorial and heroic note of Laurence Binyon’s *For the Fallen* was hardly possible of expression by the soldiers themselves.

The soldier-poets who came chiefly before the eyes of the public during the War were a trio—Robert Nichols, Robert Graves, and Siegfried Sassoon. Of these the only one who strove to give anything like a complete picture of individual outlook and development, from the opening of the conflict to the final contemplation of the horrors of the battlefield, was Robert Nichols. He divides the first part of his war-time book (the part dealing with the War) *Ardours and Endurances* into six parts : (1) The Summons, (2) Farewell to Place of Comfort, (3) The Approach, (4) Battle, (5) The Dead, (6) The Aftermath. It must be read

as a whole rather than in parts, for none of the poems save the well-known *Fulfilment*, beginning :

‘ *Was there love once ? I have forgotten her.
Was there grief once ? Grief yet is mine . . .*’

is especially good in itself, though very many stanzas pin the attention :

‘ *Sometimes a sniper’s bullet whirs
Or twangs the whining wire ;
Sometimes a soldier sighs and stirs
As in hell’s frying fire.*’

Robert Nichols was not long in France (see Robert Graves’s autobiography *Good-bye to all That*) and probably some of the poems, particularly the well-known *Assault*, were not written as complete individual experiences, though, at the time, they were very effective. Robert Nichols (who was one of the poets specially selected for Edward Marsh’s Georgian anthologies) is at his best in an Elizabethan vein, his *Sonnets to Aurelia* among his most powerful and interesting work. To-day his war poems are of little value, these having been superseded by the passionate and bitter rhymed documents of Sassoon, who with Robert Graves served through nearly the whole period of war. Once or twice they addressed their poems to one another ; and both suffered to the full the disintegrating horrors of trench and field.

The war poems of two others with complete periods of service to their honour, Edmund Blunden and Wilfred Owen, were published long after the cessation of hostilities. As one would expect in Edmund Blunden’s verse, the landscape is in the foreground, the soldiers chiefly present to give the earth articulation. His memories are of :

‘ *A whole sweet countryside amuck with murder*’
rather than of the actual individual human beings in the

struggle. These beautiful and mournful poems belong as much to the kingdom of pastoral as war verse, and invite our attention to the experiences and rustic personality of the brave man who wrote them rather than to the struggle itself.

The war poems of Wilfred Owen are, on the other hand, of quite a different calibre. First published in 1920, with an introduction by Siegfried Sassoon, they startled immediately by a vigour as great as Sassoon's, but with less of bitterness and an almost greater infusion of pity. They were much less carefully worked over than Sassoon's, and abounded with difficulties, if not obscurities—which is probably one of the reasons why the Eliotites have recently cast such favourable eyes upon them. But Wilfred Owen was killed in the War ; so we are probably right in looking upon many of the supposed virtues of these poems as minor faults. The manuscript had received no final revision, many half-lines are entirely missing, and Owen's proof readers had to be Sassoon and Blunden in place of the poet himself. The most magnificent lyric of all, *Greater Love*, abounds with faults, and yet, for all of them, is probably the most passionate and intense song that came out of those awful years. In this poem Owen addresses the woman of his love, telling her that as objects of affection he prefers the men who are dying at the Front to any woman born of Adam's seed :

*' Red lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.
O love, your eyes lose lure
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead !*

*Heart, you were never hot,
Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot;
And though your hands be pale,
Paler are all which trail
Your cross through flame and hail:
Weep, you may weep, for you may touch them not.'*

The poem is really a very patriotic outburst and rather different in sentiment from most of Owen's later work—which, as in *Anthem for Doomed Youth*, is verse of Warning:

*'What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.'*

Says Owen in some notes which he left for a preface: 'Above all I am not concerned with Poetry. . . . My subject is War, and the pity of War. . . . The Poetry is in the Pity. . . . All a poet can do to-day is to warn.' Nevertheless, the poet triumphed over the propagandist, so that (though perhaps in a rather remote sense) some of the verse is almost too self-consciously poetical. At any rate Wilfred Owen sought to free himself from anything relative to doggerel or the easy prose line. Probably there is a more intense and memorable revelation of the seamy side of war in these poems by Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon than in all modern prose writings put together. So much they gloriously achieved—an almost impossible feat in these days of much-read and much-written prose.

Among others whose war poems were not published in accessible book-form till after everything was over—and also revealing the seamy side of the struggle—should be specially mentioned Edgell Rickword, Richard Aldington, and Isaac Rosenberg. Edgell Rickword's contributions are few in number, though they are among the very best things in his strange symbolistic cupboard. But Richard Alding-

ton in *Images of War* (1919) has given us a complete picture, and were it not that these carefully painted cameos of beauty and passion had been written in free verse, and are therefore lacking in carrying power, they might have realised a far wider distribution. As regards Isaac Rosenberg, his now well-known *Dead Man's Dump* shows to what imaginative ardours free verse can actually rise if there is a passionate impulse to inform it. Nevertheless the poem is not entirely successful. Rosenberg's sense of rhythm was always a little shaky, and during his period of active service it certainly did not improve. Unfortunately he was killed, and one of the really promising geniuses of our time was brought to an end. Nearly every scrap of his work has recently been collected, and it reveals an apocalyptic if somewhat hunch-back imagination striving in the net of an insufficient education. Tortured, only half articulate, intellectually violent, but often beautiful and powerful, he might have fully discovered himself, and, in spite of some deformity in his imaginative physique, have risen to be among the first three or four poets of our time. But his gods willed otherwise, and *Dead Man's Dump* is to-day his revered monument and full stop.

But there is one special and unique poem, less esteemed, which in spite of its somewhat conventional language the Future will, possibly, prize over all. I give it here in full :

' By all the glories of the day
And the cool evening's benison,
By that last sunset touch that lay
Upon the hills when day was done,
By beauty lavishly outpoured
And blessings carelessly received,
By all the days that I have lived
Make me a soldier, Lord.

*By all of all man's hopes and fears
And all the wonders poets sing,
The laughter of unclouded years,
And every sad and lovely thing;
By the romantic ages stored
With high endeavour that was his,
By all his mad catastrophes
Make me a man, O Lord.*

*I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this—
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.'*

The author of the poem, which bears the date June 29, 1916, was William Noel Hodgson (not to be confused with the poet, Ralph Hodgson, of greater fame). Two days after he wrote it, on July 1, he was killed in the battle of the Somme.

To few soldiers was given such knowledge of the certainty of approaching death. Still fewer were able to achieve entire reconciliation with that fact and uncomplainingly renounce all the delights of their youth, and then write a really fine lyric out of the experience. The mind that can so pull itself together in strength and exaltation has something in it of the sublime as well as heroic.

The poem was evidently written at white heat. It bears all the impression of having been composed in one short hour, not resembling any of those creations which have been slowly polished into perfection and then dated on the day of final completion. For instance, the 'By that last sunset touch that lay' would probably have been revised (to avoid

the clash of the two 'thats') if the young poet had had sufficient time to think of the final effect of his words ; while something throbs through the whole of it which reveals the swiftness of unalloyed inspiration.

Like every exceptional poem it communicates from within as well as suggestively from without ; and contains an image of remarkable revelation, strengthened by a brilliant ambiguity, pun, or homonym :

*' I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice.'*

For there can be no true mental and spiritual progress without pain, no continuous joy (at least not in the collective life of the human race) that has not been introduced by suffering, trial, or agony, no permanent satisfaction without sacrifice ; all of which should, of necessity, be accompanied by a mental act of Faith—the sanguine (bloody) sacrifice an offer of the sanguine (confident) will. Is not the image a perfect expression of Reality ? And further, the worn-out day that plunges down in blood-red fire gives promise of a new unclouded day, is ' the shepherd's promise ' of a fine morrow, let the Night intervene as it will.

And yet how vulgar and insufficient seems the language of prose when one seeks to paraphrase these naïve, red-hearted stanzas ! And how trivial and commonplace seem all explanations beside the supreme comment, ' Saw with uncomprehending eyes.' Nature is florid with signs and symbols, the flares and fingers of unshakable Truth, day by day passed by unheeded. During recent times Pacificism has been so often spiteful and knock-kneed, and so much has been done to belittle the sacrifices of English soldiers during those unimaginable years, that the mind of the reason-

able pacifist feels itself revolted, and finds the words of this unfulfilled poet glowing with a peculiar significance. For though war must be avoided at a thousand costs, it cannot be avoided at all costs, and until the heart of man is entirely cleansed and changed, a nation's defence and self-preservation by means of war and the self-sacrifice of youth have to be shudderingly contemplated.

THE DAY BEFORE DEPARTURE.

*Because a fire was in my blood
I left the house, went through the wood,
And took the winding mountain road,
Forever singing as I strode.
I came to Tor : at Portaleen
I saw the Straits of Moyle shine green.
I heard the hoarse, insistent sound
Of growling tides, that sweeping round
The Head of Tor, race through the bay,
And whiten it with surf and spray.
Then suddenly I understood
What was the meaning of my mood ;
And knew that when I could not sleep
I'd see the grey-green braes rise steep,
And hear beyond the traffic's roar
The sea-birds cry on Murlough shore.*

BRIAN SPILLER.

Belfast.

DEATH IN THE APPALACHIANS.

BY DORA WILLSON.

OF the three, a birth, a marriage or a funeral, it is the last that draws the greatest crowd in the Appalachian hills. A birth, by its very nature, is business for women only. A wedding was a festive occasion in the good old days of the war and just after, when the men were making easy money cutting down the timber on the hills. But now the hills are all 'cut-over,' and have been for ten years or more, the mills have moved out, and the men who are left are on relief wages—and you don't do much merrymaking on that. But a funeral is one thing you cannot skimp on, however hard the times.

I had a good example of it when our neighbours' eldest daughter died. The Hathaways are poor 'hill-billies,' with a farm where no farm should be, scattered on the steep, rocky slopes of denuded hills. But when Ann Hathaway died, everything was done in style, though it doubtless put the family in debt for a generation.

McArthur's big shiny ambulance came for the body, and soon after the neighbours began going up the 'holler' to the Hathaways. The men stayed out by the barn and took comfort in nips of corn whiskey. The women crowded around Mrs. Hathaway, who, between sobs, told her poor story over and over. A friend got dinner ready: beans, potatoes, 'sow-belly' (fat side of pork) and a big pot of coffee. A little later, the Hathaways went off to town in their rattly Ford to make all necessary arrangements with

the 'mortician.' Meanwhile some friends stayed to clean the house.

That afternoon, a child of ten or eleven knocked at our door. 'Mrs. Robson, Ma'am, would you want to give a dime to help get the flowers for Ann?' She held out a grubby sheet of copy-book paper on which was written: 'This is to state that Ileta Dreer is intitled to collect for Ann Hathaway's flowers. Signed: James Roscoe, Teacher.' I mused over the 'intitled' and Ileta urged me anxiously: 'They've all a'given something so far. They aint a one turned me down. You kin give a little old nickel if you aint got no dime.'

The next day, when I saw the really lovely wreath the 'little old nickels' and dimes had bought, I wondered how many miles that bare-footed, 'intitled' child had trudged to collect them.

The ambulance was back at noon the following day, but from early morning already cars and people had been going up the side-road to the Hathaways. Many would stay all day, some overnight—and those not close friends only. Toward evening I went up too. The house had been metamorphosed. Mr. McArthur with his mortician's art had done his best to create a *chapelle ardente* according to the rules in the little living-room. What furniture there had been was moved out; chairs were placed along the walls, except on one side. There, in a sort of nook lined with oppressive dark-red hangings, the coffin rested on a low trestle. The Hathaways had chosen a pearl-grey plush casket with embossed motifs and silvery handles. The lid was raised and Ann, clothed in white silk, lay in a nest of crinkly white satin, rather like the interior of a magnified jewel-case. The pillow was of white satin with silver fringes, as was the coverlet over her legs. A white tulle veil hung over the

whole affair, down to the floor. There was no electric light, of course, in the Hathaways' mountain home, but that did not trouble Mr. McArthur. He had his own little batteries to provide the soft pink light that shone discreetly from within the casket and in the two tall floor-lamps at the foot and the head of the bier.

One's eyes went at once to the face. Discounting all the effect of pink lights and veil, it had to be said that Mr. McArthur and his assistants had 'done a marvellous good job'—the family's way of referring to it. The cheeks were delicately tinted, the eyebrows and eyelashes darkened, the mouth rouged. And the hair! In beautiful, elegant curls it lay over the powdered forehead and the glistening pillow. 'Ann always did want a "perm,"' said Mrs. Hathaway tearfully. 'Well, she's got it now.'

Women sat all round the darkened room, silent for the most part—simply enjoying, I imagine, the unaccustomed luxury of sitting still in the middle of the day. All night too a group 'watched up' with the family. The coffee-pot was kept boiling on the kitchen stove and every now and again a woman would get up and pour herself out a cup. At dawn, everyone slipped home to get ready for the funeral proper.

It was to be at two o'clock; but an hour before, when I arrived, cars of all vintages were parked around the house, the big ambulance as close to the porch as it could get. A crowd of men in their Sunday best stood about outside in small groups, chatting; the women were inside; the family invisible upstairs. The first thing to do was to make one's way to that rose-coloured alcove and look at Ann for a while. Some women would weep, or two or three would stand there together and comment in whispers on the appearance of the corpse. The flowers were arranged on chairs

to the right and left—surprisingly beautiful sprays of roses and snapdragon and carnations, with tissue ribbons and gold or silver inscriptions that fascinated the children.

As we sat there waiting, the men filed in through one door and out at another. Many carried babies or led little toddlers who were lifted up 'to look at Ann.' This is the one occasion that I know of in mountain life where the man takes over the care of the smaller children.

When this slow procession was over, the family came down, the father and mother first, then the young brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, various relatives, some fifteen or twenty in all. By the time they were massed before the coffin, all were weeping and some were close to hysterics. Mr. McArthur tactfully piloted them back to the stairs and made a sign to the preacher. He opened his Bible which bristled with bits of paper that marked his selections, and read steadily, unfettered by thoughts of chronology or progressive revelation. John and Moses, the prophets and the Book of Revelation, Genesis and Paul—nothing was left out. Women snuffled, men crowded in the doorways and windows, children stared round-eyed. After the reading, there was preaching. Then a quartet of two men and two women sang 'I walked in the garden at evening' and 'Abide with me,' and with that the preacher handed us over to the undertaker.

In a twinkling everything seemed to snap into activity. Flower girls, decked in their brightest clothes, came up and were handed the sprays to carry to the ambulance. Mr. McArthur turned his broad back to us and slowly closed the casket. An assistant helped him wheel it to the door, where it was lifted from the trestle and carried out by six young men. Meanwhile the family had trooped down again and was settled in the cars assigned to it. Everybody found a

ride somehow, and the procession drove off slowly, with headlights on.

The cemetery was, as is often the case here, a family one, on a knoll across the valley. A few trees, overgrown rose bushes, tangled grass, two or three newer tombs with headstones. Across the open grave straps were laid, secured by a spring. The coffin was set on these while the preacher prayed and spoke the familiar words: Dust to dust . . .

Then it was all over. Mr. McArthur dismissed us firmly: 'The family and friends are now requested to withdraw.' The crowd stood back to let the weeping Hathaways pass and I watched Mr. McArthur, very matter of fact, press the spring that lowered the pearl-grey casket into the rocky hillside earth.

It had been a grand funeral. Everyone had been there. For two days, one had done almost nothing but visit with one's friends. And everything had been 'just right': Ann herself, and the casket, and the flowers, and the preacher. A grand funeral. And now—back to work.

W. Virginia.

PICTURESQUE PIRATES.

BY DOUGLAS GORDON.

PIRACY acquires an element of romance in all walks of life. The outlaw is usually a picturesque figure, and the same principle applies to the wild winged bandits of wood and precipice, beautiful birds for whom life is one long conflict, either with mankind or the animal kingdom in general.

Birds of prey, indeed, stand in a class apart from the remainder of the feathered world with which they are forever at variance. They constitute a great natural army whose function is to wage war upon all other forms of life. To every species, as to every unit in a highly organised human army, has been relegated some special line or method of attack, together with a class of animals against which to direct operations. At the same time, each individual is a free-lance, a soldier of fortune, living for the most part a solitary existence, in some instances shared by a mate, but otherwise holding no social intercourse with a living creature. Certain species might, indeed, be regarded as gregarious, but only in the most limited sense of the term, and as a rule, unlike many rapacious creatures, hawks or falcons tolerate the proximity of others more readily than that of birds to which they are in no way akin. It almost seems at times as if a tacit comradeship in arms existed between rival pirates of the air. In country where both species occur, it is not unusual to see harriers quartering ground in the company of kestrels to whom no exception is taken. Should a raven or a crow appear, however, instant action is launched against the new-comer. Buzzards and kestrels quest within no

great distance of one another, as though in competition, and upon one eventful occasion I watched peregrine falcons and kestrels—a pair of each—in air at the same time. As they wheeled, a peregrine flew between the two kestrels, to the perfect unconcern of everybody. Once, indeed, the two larger falcons appeared to differ, but this, presumably, was a family affair and nothing else of an untoward nature occurred.

The distinction between hawks and falcons is purely structural, and in general habits no line of demarcation may be drawn. In each order one finds migrants and residents ; rock and tree builders ; birds which nest upon the ground or make no nest for themselves ; hunters of feather and fur ; others which are largely insectivorous. Formerly, nearly thirty species were either resident or visited the British Isles in considerable numbers. Now, barely a quarter of that number could be regarded as common, even in circumscribed areas, and it seems obvious that in Great Britain at any rate these picturesque bandits of the aerial highways have fared badly in the age-long conflict, the intervention of man having finally turned the scales against them.

Man, indeed, is usually held responsible for the decline of a wild race, although actually his activities by no means always constitute the last word in such matters. The tide of wild life ebbs and flows, and in the former case one might indicate outstanding examples, such as those of the red squirrel and the chough, where natural causes have mainly contributed to produce the obvious effect. If allowed to do so, such animals would probably recover their lost status in the course of time, natural revival being no less frequent than decay, as evidenced in the vegetable kingdom, where cycles are the rule, although for cogent reasons the case of

birds and beasts differs materially from the mechanical operations of inanimate life.

There can be no doubt that ability to survive is a racial gift, possessed in a greater or lesser degree. There is an inevitable tendency to accept the numerical standing of a species without comment, and as a rule this attitude might as well be adopted as any other, since even in the most pronounced cases it is seldom possible to formulate a theory which is unassailable. Usually increasing scarcity is attributed to the greed of collectors, but this does not account for the rarity which in the first instance placed the eggs or plumage of the birds at a premium. It usually means that the habits of the species render it unfit to cope with the special form of persecution to which it is subjected, and it is therefore incapable of holding its own under the conditions which prevail in certain countries. Whether the species is indigenous or introduced makes little apparent difference. The roe-buck, 'turned down' in Dorset many years ago, now proves impossible to eradicate in districts where it has become a nuisance, whereas the native red deer has long since disappeared from most of its native haunts, and is only maintained in certain circumscribed areas by careful preservation. Again, the little owl, like the grey squirrel, is extending its dominion in every direction, while the osprey refuses to be reinstated, the kite evinces no sign of improving its position, and Montagu's harrier confines itself to a few localities beyond which it seems unable to secure a footing. Whatever means are adopted, some species succeed while others fail, and perhaps the most interesting examples of varying fortunes among birds whose habits are similar in general principle are provided by our rapacious birds.

That man has played the major part in effecting the entire or partial banishment of many beautiful hawks and falcons

is only too apparent, and yet, strange as it may seem, the ferocious little sparrow-hawk, generally admitted the most destructive of winged marauders, remains one of the commonest birds of prey in the British Isles, being scarcely less abundant than the comparatively harmless kestrel, even as the carnivorous and voracious magpie claims precedence over the vegetarian jay.

Indeed, so far as a wild species is concerned, little connection can be traced between its abundance and its harmfulness to human interests. The eminently inoffensive honey-buzzard has fared even worse than the predatory kite. Rats and rabbits are more plentiful than hares, not because they are less destructive, but merely upon account of their superior hardihood. Generally speaking, the larger the beast or bird, the more it has suffered at the hands of man, being conspicuous and therefore easily destroyed. There are outstanding exceptions, however, since both the merlin and the hobby—two of the smallest falcons—have proved less successful in the struggle than their larger relative, the peregrine.

There is no apparent reason why the hobby should have failed to establish and maintain a firm standing in this country, where the kestrel and the sparrow-hawk succeed without difficulty. That the one species is migratory while the others are resident bears little relation to the case. The migrant Montagu's harrier has to a large extent superseded its resident cousin, the hen-harrier, and many of the birds most numerous represented in this country during the nesting season exchange our winter for a more congenial climate. Migration, indeed, should prove helpful rather than otherwise to persecuted birds, particularly of the rapacious order, since their manner of life in the more extensive southern forests is less hazardous. The merlin, it must be

remembered, is also a frequent, though not a confirmed migrant, being one of those unaccountable birds which, nesting only upon high ground in this country, yet find our winter too cold for their taste, although its congeners who breed upon less exposed levels face the seasons in due course. Many moorland birds are alike in this respect. Both the ring-ouzel and the wheatear, nesting well above the 1,000-foot contour, forsake our shores at autumn's approach, while the whimbrel and snow-bunting, after nesting in Northern Europe, proceed to the Mediterranean countries for winter quarters.

In its own way, the hobby is even more inconsistent, for while its range extends in other countries up to 65° N. latitude, in England it seldom penetrates north of Yorkshire. Since inability to face the climate can scarcely be responsible for this limited appreciation of British woodlands, one can only assume that owing to one of the 'freaks' not uncommon in wild-life distribution, the hobby has never found its way over England as a whole, even as the nightingale formerly confined itself mainly to the eastern half of England. As in the case of the latter bird, circumstances might conceivably alter this habit. It should be at least as common as the kestrel, whose way of life it adopts in so far as it preys largely upon insects, although at times diverging from such innocuous pursuits to emulate the tastes and disposition of the sparrow-hawk, with more than the latter's lightning-like agility. It is also a bird of the woods, seldom, if ever, nesting upon cliffs or rocks, and might indeed be described as a connecting link between the small falcons and the sparrow-hawk.

Certainly the hobby possesses an unfortunate propensity for attracting attention. He can scarcely escape notice as he flashes along a shaft of sunlight, his showy black-and-white

markings agleam, the incredible celerity of his movements baffling the eye with every turn. Nor does he temper his dashing style with even a measure of discretion. The only pair which has attempted to breed in my locality within recent years courted immediate disaster by levying toll upon a chicken-run, the owner of which neither realised nor appreciated the distinction conferred upon his property. Yet, even so, the hobby does no more to incur the hostility of man than the sparrow-hawk, and in many respects is far better placed, since all wild-bird preservation societies have long been working for his protection.

The sparrow-hawk, upon the contrary, is shielded by neither sentiment nor law. Indeed, with the possible exception of the great black-backed gull—a fine species which has been unfortunate enough to acquire 'a bad press' of late—one could name no British bird against whom a more united front is shown. It would be difficult to find even an 'enlightened' game-preserved who applies the principle of live and let live to this grey-plumed pirate of the hedgerows and spinneys. He is shot at sight. His nest is considered the fair prize of any boy who can reach it, and is keenly sought, for the beautiful chestnut-splashed eggs, so varied in size, shape and markings, possess a strong attraction for all clutch-collectors. The young birds, again, declare their whereabouts so unmistakably that the keeper experiences no difficulty in detecting them. Even the adults seem indifferent to the gun at such times, and usually join the brood in grisly array upon the vermin-rail. Guile the bird has none, caution does not figure in his make-up. He carries all before him by dint of swift wing and sure blow, even garden birds not being immune from his headlong assault. He dashes into poultry- or game-run with the same reckless temerity. He is like a winged weasel, ferocious, inexorable,

regardless of consequence, seldom relinquishing a chase upon which he has once embarked, even if it leads him into the very homes of men. His impetuosity repeatedly proves his undoing. Yet with all these handicaps, the sturdy little warrior more than holds his own. There is scarcely a wood in the country where his nest may not be seen, hardly a preserve so vigilantly 'keepere'd' that it is not subject to his ravages, and even as in olden days people were employed as 'glead' or kite-scarers, so in Western England it is not unusual to see dummy figures, some of them ingeniously equipped with old guns, placed near farm-buildings in the hope of intimidating the intrepid sparrow-hawk.

A high-handed policy carries the field, it would seem, yet the bold hobby has proved a failure, while the comparatively mild kestrel remains the best represented of British *raptores*. True, sentiment is upon the little red falcon's side, and naturalists for the past half-century have pleaded his 'sovereign usefulness to man.' How little such appeals weigh with the game-preserve, however, can be ascertained by the most casual survey of the keeper's larder, and it is clear to anyone versed in such matters that human forbearance does not constitute the main reason for the kestrel's success. His descents from grace, though infrequent, are too indubitable to procure exclusion from the black list. It must be admitted that possibly his depredations have been underrated by his many advocates. One has known him guilty of intruding upon a party at the bird-table and annexing one of the diners as his share. He has been seen to strike down a bird as large as a thrush, and upon one occasion within personal experience a brood of young partridges owed untimely exit from life to his activities. The farmer's wife knows him only too well as 'a nailer for chicken' when the evil mood is upon him, so perhaps the

attitude of the country people towards the kestrel is not altogether unjustified. In any case, he is killed, like his brother bandits, whenever possible, not because of offences necessarily committed, but in case he should offend—queer justice, but that which prevails. None the less, he survives, and throughout the country as a whole outnumbers the wary carrion crow, the destruction of whom frequently taxes the keeper's ingenuity to the uttermost.

Once lost, the position of any wild species is not easily recovered. Owing, however, to the materially changed outlook with regard to wild-life preservation, harassed birds now enjoy opportunities for recuperation hitherto unprecedented, and it will be interesting to watch the effect of the new conditions upon those species which have escaped virtual extinction. It remains for time to prove whether the buzzard will ever again nest in hawthorns upon the South Downs, or circle, still-winged, over the leafy undulations of Hampshire and Surrey. Last year, the bird was recorded as nesting in the New Forest, to which it would prove a distinct ornament, and, if encouraged, would certainly thrive in country so peculiarly adapted to its requirements. Natural restoration is usually effected by gradual expansion, however, and excepting along the sea coast, where it can nest in security, the buzzard makes little real advance eastwards as yet.

A secure nesting-place is essential to a large wild bird, and it will usually be found that those which have proved the most tenacious either build in inaccessible spots or possess the knack of concealing the site. The tawny owl, being regarded askance, would not be so well represented to-day but for its habit of utilising rabbit-holes, and the most determined efforts to arrest the steady encroachment of the little owl have proved abortive for a similar reason. The

barn owl, upon the contrary, owes its diminished status largely to the loss of its strongholds by the modernising of so many old farm buildings and the replacement of thatch by slate and corrugated iron.

Briefly, the secret of any bird's success or failure, so far as its competition with man is concerned, lies in its vulnerability or otherwise at the nest, and it is in this respect that the larger birds have failed. The huge structure of the kite or honey-buzzard could scarcely escape notice, even without the publicity which the birds themselves draw upon the locality, while the eggs or young of the harriers being upon the ground merely invite destruction. The larger the bird, the greater its handicap in this respect, and such species have therefore proved totally unable to hold their own in this country where extensive unpopulated spaces are virtually unknown. Nature has only provided them with means of defence against *natural* enemies, or conditions which might be regarded as normal, the influence of man up to a certain point being within the natural kingdom. No provision is made for abnormal or artificial conditions under which heading an over-populated country or the activities of game-preservers and oologists may surely be enumerated.

It is significant that the increase of the raven has been effected along the coast-line, and probably there is no part of Great Britain where buzzards are more numerous to the square mile than in Pembrokeshire, particularly the St. David's peninsula, where every bird builds upon the cliffs owing to the lack of timber to provide inland eyries. The nests are therefore unassailable without the aid of rock-climbing apparatus, and since this involves undesired publicity, the birds are little harassed. The cry of the buzzard is now one of the most predominate notes even in that land of wild-bird voices, and the comparative harmlessness of

the species is evidenced by the fact that while the big hawks circle incessantly over field and farmstead, one hears no complaints of their depredations. Sheep that die on the cliffs and the ubiquitous rabbits provide all that carnivorous birds require in that primitive corner of Wales, and one has only to watch the buzzard at work to remove any doubt as to his true disposition and propensities.

Not long ago I witnessed a curious exhibition of buzzard methods when walking along the coast-line near remote Penberry, formerly the haunt of kites, as the name implies, now relinquished to the fiercer peregrine falcon, whose shrill bell-like cry in springtime mingles with the raven's croak, the harsh 'laugh' of the great black-backed gull and the chough's distinctive but nervous call, which contains a hint of unrest, as though the bird were continually protesting against its sentence of gradual yet inexorable banishment.

It was a warm afternoon in late August. Along the rocky seal-haunted shore the great seas broke with a sombre and oily roll, as though stirred to reluctant motion by irresistible forces which they would preferably have ignored. Even the gannets and porpoises had suspended activities, the oyster-catchers alone keeping vigil along the beaches. Ahead, upon the cliff-top, stretched a grassy slope at the foot of which dwarf-gorse flamed among the bell-heather's prevailing pink, and innumerable excavations testified to the untiring energies of the rabbit population. The landscape appeared to be untenanted by anything larger than bees and butterflies, until one noticed that each of several green ant-hills, visible in the near distance, was occupied by a dark motionless object which, upon closer inspection, proved to be a large bird—a buzzard. Then, as one watched, it became evident that the quiet scene was far from being as devoid of incident as first impressions suggested. Now and again,

from its post upon one of the hummocks, a buzzard took sudden wing, and, swooping low, circled the burrows, then returned to its perch. The proceeding was repeated by one bird after another, and before long the reason became obvious. Rabbits were coming out, as they frequently do in early afternoon when the sun is bright, and the buzzards, anticipating the movement, were lurking in wait to pounce upon the first as they squatted, still drowsy, at the mouths of the holes. One was reminded of the manner in which blackbirds appear upon a lawn before a shower, or of the more curious tactics of cats which prowl upon a river-bank when a flood is imminent, in readiness for the voles who, equally aware of coming events, will shortly be trekking to more secure quarters. Eight buzzards had assembled upon that slope to scramble for a share of the feast, like hungry fowls, the moment that a kill was made, and six more took wing from adjacent points when at last I moved away.

This ability to anticipate the reactions of other animals to atmospheric conditions seems general among rapacious creatures. It is also clear that they benefit to a large extent from the activities of one another. The principle of honour among thieves certainly does not apply to the robbers of earth and air, and there can be little doubt that one bandit watches another with intent to claim a share of any success achieved. Where rapacious animals are at all numerous, an individual is seldom allowed to remain in undisputed possession of anything that is worth dividing. The number of winged scavengers that gather round a dead sheep on high Dartmoor would surprise many people unfamiliar with the country, and a far less liberal feast is not infrequently made a bone of contention.

Not long ago a Devonshire farmer, visiting his traps soon after sunrise, came upon a fox-cub crouching among some

ferns and mounting guard over a newly killed rabbit for the possession of which two buzzards, two magpies and a carrion crow were all contending. The hawks were circling low above the fox, swooping and barely sheering off as he rose to snap at them, while the other birds held seats among some birches in the background, awaiting a suitable opportunity for intervention upon their own account. Naturally the appearance of the man broke up the interesting party, and one can only conjecture as to the probable end had the disputants been left undisturbed.

How far the anticipation of consequence figures in the tactics of birds of prey which rob one another is an open question. There is an obvious distinction between the wresting of a newly killed quarry from a more successful competitor when the capture has been witnessed or heard, and the deliberate shadowing with intent to forestall or claim a share. Often, no doubt, it is merely a matter of opportunity, which was probably the case in the incident just described. Upon the other hand, an opportunity frequently repeated would soon encourage a habit, as with an old sea-eagle who makes a practice of robbing the osprey. Sometimes the bolder birds of prey actually appear to follow sportsmen in order to swoop upon disturbed game.

In country where peregrine falcons are at all numerous, this most redoubtable of winged bandits occasionally makes an unexpected addition to a shooting-party. Most disconcerting was the experience of an Argyllshire sportsman who, having flushed a woodcock upon some rough ground near the coast, was reserving his shot until the bird had passed a bush beyond which lay an unobstructed view. This object attained, he was about to squeeze the trigger when the woodcock swerved with the suddenness of a snipe. Across its track there flashed a grey-brown streak, and while the man

watched in astonishment, the bird which he had been about to shoot was struck down before his eyes by a peregrine falcon.

Recovering from his momentary chagrin, he first shouted to scare the falcon, which vanished as though just aware of his presence, and then advanced to pick up the woodcock. It had dropped like a stone but was not immediately visible in the undergrowth, and he was looking about for it when the clatter of wings sounded behind him and he turned to see the bird winnowing gaily away. So complete was this second surprise that he never thought of the gun in his hands, even if he could have brought himself to use it under the circumstances.

Upon another occasion in the same neighbourhood, a large 'moss' was being tried by a party when a solitary wigeon rose well ahead of the guns, and was making its way seawards when the winged bolt once again swept across the skyscape and dropped full upon the wigeon—or so it seemed. But the latter merely changed its course and flew on at an accelerated pace, while the peregrine, after the momentary check, embarked upon a stern chase. Above the moss the two birds sped, with almost inconceivable rapidity. The peregrine was the swifter, however, and was soon above his quarry. Again he stooped, again the wigeon 'jinked' and started afresh, and so the chase continued, twisting and turning, a wonderful exhibition of winged power and agility upon both sides. To the watchers it seemed interminable, but it could scarcely have been a matter of minutes before the wigeon, whose turns had been growing shorter and more erratic, fell at last into the rank vegetation, while the falcon, doubtless marking the spot in his mind's eye, mounted as the onlookers advanced.

The general resolve was to pick up the duck in order that

the falcon should not benefit from his high-handed policy, and a search was being conducted among the rushes, when up clattered the wigeon, its strong measured wing-beats suggesting that he had not lost a feather. Clearly both woodcock and duck had adopted the simple policy of taking cover, the last shift of a wounded or exhausted bird.

It is difficult to decide whether the numerical status of the peregrine has actually improved within recent years, or whether the apparent increase is due to a more general knowledge of its haunts. The bird may be found more or less regularly dispersed along the southern and western coasts, occurring more sparsely among the precipices of the Lake District, and are, of course, numerous in Scotland. Now, by a curious recoil of the pendulum, the revival of falconry constitutes a greater menace to the peregrine than the activities of game-preservers or oologists, the young birds being in such demand that no accessible eyrie is safe from the raider with the rope and crowbar. Last summer in South Wales I was openly told about two young peregrines which were being trained in the neighbourhood and were regarded among the things that a visitor 'should see.' The inevitable inquiry as to where they had been procured elicited the name of a cliff near by, mentioned without the least reserve. The *legally protected* young falcons were practically upon exhibition!

Apart from the distinction of belonging to another order, the peregrine might be considered a sparrow-hawk upon a more spectacular scale. Each preys mainly upon living and feathered game which is captured either by surprise or swift pursuit, the stronger bird naturally aiming at larger fowl, although pigeons constitute the favourite fare of both. Grouse and partridges fall easy victims to the falcon, but, being negligible upon many parts of the coast, do not essen-

tially figure upon his menu, which mainly consists of sea-fowl and waders. Numerous puffins fall to his lot, those unfortunate little birds being the rabbits of the feathered world—everybody's game. The oyster-catcher is another frequent victim, since he can always be found along the water-line or perched upon the rocks, conspicuous in his black-and-white plumage and orange extremities, and I have seen a falcon in closer attendance than could have been desired upon a little flock of choughs. He is never at a loss for a quarry when wild ducks are 'in,' and can always fall back upon a straggler from a rook army if other supplies fail.

The peregrine seldom courts observation. He is not fond of exposing his lithe, lean silhouette against the blue of sea or sky after the manner of a meditative old raven, preferring a ledge below the summit of a cliff—overhung if possible. There he will perch for a long while, his cold, keen eye scanning the beaches and watery expanse spread wide below, his entire pose haughty, aloof, inscrutable, as becomes one who knows that anything a-wing or afloat is either hostile or neutral. Upon such occasions he is sometimes upon the look-out for game. At others he is resting, not being one of those buoyant-winged pirates who finds leisure in soaring. There are times, however, when he both quarters and hovers, and as he poises in air for a brief survey of the world below, his wings are as motionless as those of the buzzard—the finest exponent of this most beautiful aerial accomplishment. The widely reputed hovering of the kestrel is actually a far less impressive display, since in the little red falcon's case suspension is maintained by a perpetual fanning, upon the same principle as a man treading water to keep himself afloat.

The voice of a hawk or falcon is unmistakable, though

subject to variations so innumerable that even an experienced ear may be deceived as to the author. No rapacious bird possesses a song or even a refrain, but almost all are more loquacious than is generally supposed. Among adults outcry usually takes the form of a chatter, shrill in the case of the smaller species, that of the peregrine being somewhat harsher, but high-pitched when startled at close quarters. The buzzard, though most talkative of all *raptores*, confines its vocal efforts to strident wailings. The seldom recorded, because rarely heard, scream of the peregrine is not altogether unbuzzard-like, but more melodious, having acquired that indefinable ring which suggests a sea-bird. It may be heard from fledgelings when hungry, and does not entirely cease until late autumn. Immature birds of all species are more vociferous than adults, their voices being pitched upon a plaintive note. The mewing of sparrow-hawks—the buzzard call in miniature—is a note peculiar to the young.

Young peregrines are sometimes encountered in the most unexpected places. I once discovered one sitting disconsolately upon a huge crag not far below the ancient cathedral of St. David's. He had, doubtless, wandered inland, and his expressions of discontent with his surroundings attracted my attention to his whereabouts. The appearance of these birds upon edifices such as St. Paul's is not altogether remarkable. From a bird's point of view there is probably little distinction between a huge pile of masonry and an outstanding rock, nor would crowded streets, regarded from a commanding height, differ from a populous beach. Kestrels, like owls and jackdaws, frequently nest upon window-ledges and turrets of ruined castles, and it would almost seem at times that the abandoned works of man appear to possess special attractions.

Between the precipices of St. David's Head and the seal-haunted inlets of Porth-y-dwfr, there stands the ruinous shell of a long-deserted hamlet, known locally by an appropriate Welsh name, the interpretation of which is *Beyond the Rock*. From these desolate tributes to human hardihood of long ago three chimneys rise, like monumental columns, upon one or other of which some winged pirate is usually established, like a grim weather-cock, a self-appointed coast-guard watching the sea-board for his own purposes. Above, the great cairns, grey and unchanged since Leschi landed nearly fifteen centuries ago, blot out every indication of the noisy, bustling life which is modern Britain. Below, against the blue and viridian green vastness of the sea, the gannets drift like giant snowflakes; from the crags sounds the raven's croak, from the shore the curlew's call. And beneath the foundations of the chimney upon which the wild bird sits, rabbits burrow where fires once cooked their ancestors. Omar Khayyám's allusion to Jamshyd's forsaken courts which 'the lion and the lizard keep' does not present a more realistic example of Nature's final triumph over human activity.

THE PILLORY.

BY A. E. SNODGRASS.

It is one hundred years since the pillory was abolished in this country. Old customs, good or bad, die hard. The pillory had been a piece of penal furniture for nine centuries and had become as familiar a feature in the structure of law and order as the gallows.

It must have been no light penance to stand in the pillory. As an ingenious mode of punishment it suggests Torquemada in his undergraduate stage. Less directly deadly than the guillotine—that hole for the head gave Dr. Guillotin especial joy in his fell machine—it was nevertheless pregnant with dire possibilities. A stern ordeal at the best, it often opened the door to the mortuary. There were so many other sinners casting all the stones they could find.

Conjecture a typical scene.

A raised platform on which stood the victim behind a T-shaped planking adjusted to his height. In the top of the T three holes for head and hands. These vital extremities securely padlocked; no freedom of movement except for the feet, whose restlessness served only to aggravate the durance vile of neck and wrists.

The edifice is reared in a public place, and there is no restraint upon the temper or caprices of the onlookers, who gather for sport or revenge. Mud and garbage are flung freely and rotten eggs fetch quite a good price. The young bloods cannot resist such a cock-shy. Sometimes more dangerous missiles are used and the culprit is fortunate if

he does not at least lose an eye. His head soon becomes a whirl and blood drowns his vision. His impotence is pitiable; his martyrdom at once a refined and brutal torture. Verily the block itself was more humane with its agony less long drawn out.

Some died through the shame of a pillory appearance; many died through ill-usage while in its grip. Official records abound with such entries as 'Killed in the pillory,' 'Murdered in the pillory.'

And such an infernal machine was only wiped out a hundred years ago, the year that Queen Victoria began her reign. Civilisation, after all, is as the cynic will have it—only skin-deep, and very thin-skinned at that.

The old English name for the pillory was the *halsfang*, or stretch-neck. The Anglo-Saxons conceived the device, and it was in common use long before the Conquest. Most countries in Europe adopted variations. In France it was *le carcan*, in Germany *preller* or *pranger*. It varied in size, though not in essential form. Usually it was built for one person, but sometimes the accommodation was more generous. In Merrie England they were never stingy in their pleasantries.

And pleasantries literally they were—for the mob. 'Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday' was a conception that spread far beyond the Mediterranean. A tenanted pillory was the irresistible signal for high jinks. Here was a mortal placed aloft as a common butt. He presided, as it were, at an orgy, and round and about him the people danced and drank and sang. In between whiles, to keep the merriment going, they would try their hand at what is done at fairs with the coconuts. There were a few guards to keep order, but there was no order to keep. There were pillories for women too; they were permitted

that much equality, though the thew, tumbrel, and ducking stool were more generally favoured for the erring female.

Originally the purpose of the pillory was to degrade dishonest bakers, butchers, brewers, and others who cheated the poor by means of false weights and measures. Statutes of Edward I decreed that such offenders should be exposed on the pedestal for public disgrace 'without peril of their bodies,' which of course in practice was a legal fiction. Perjurers were also candidates. In a colossal list of misdemeanants we read of punishments for stealing a veil, for selling stinking meat, for deficiency of coal in sacks, for telling the Mayor a lie, for taking away a child to go begging with it.

Later on courtesans, common scolds, brawlers, male and female, came within the scope of this 'State trap of the law,' and in 1637 there was a further extension of its clientele. All who printed books without a licence were then placed in the vice, and soon it became the favoured method of punishing political offenders. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it had a busy career with delinquents of this character, and a lively history attaches to some of the consequent incidents.

Punishment by pillory for all offences save perjury and subornation was annulled in England in 1816 by an act of George III. In 1837 the pillory was put out of action entirely. The perjurer, Peter James Bossy, was the last person to stand in a London pillory. He spent an hour in the machine erected in the Old Bailey on June 20, 1830.

Dread forum though the pillory was, lampooners were wont to scoff at it as being able to keep 'neither knaves nor honest men in awe.' On occasions the pillorying

proved a triumph for the person installed. The public were the jury in the matter, and if they found a verdict in favour of the prisoner they did not hesitate to record it and defy the intention of the judges.

Daniel Defoe was the most famous man who ever stood in the pillory and his experience was far from intimidating. The crowd crowned him with flowers, casks of wine and beer were rolled up, and his health was drunk four times four to the accompaniment of huzzas and songs. The alleged culprit was transmogrified into a martyr and a hero. Defoe was exhibited on three days. The *London Gazette* of August 2, 1703, announced the fact as follows :

‘LONDON, July 31.—On the 29th inst. Daniel Foe, *alias* De Foe, stood in the Pillory before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, as he did yesterday near the Conduit in Cheapside and this day at Temple Bar ; in pursuance of the sentence given against him at the last sessions at the Old Bailey for writing and publishing a seditious libel intituled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. By which sentence he is also fined 200 marks, to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years, and to remain in prison till all be performed.’

Daniel was in the lion’s den, but he was not afeard. He had arranged matters with characteristic daring, forethought, and craft, contriving on the first day of his public ‘degradation’ to have published his vigorous ‘Hymn to the Pillory.’ The leaflets were distributed amongst the throng and they stirred the populace to a frenzy of enthusiasm. Instead of garbage they flung laureates. ‘Dauntless on high stood unabashed Defoe.’

The ‘Hymn to the Pillory’ did not mince words ; it was a dirge to his detractors. As he stood, held by the neck in the dock, so to speak, the prisoner denounced his

judges. Here is a sample of this oddest of odes, which 'hymns' denunciation instead of praise.

*The first Intent of Laws
Was to correct the Effect and check the cause ;
And all the ends of Punishment
Were only future mischiefs to prevent.
But justice is inverted when
Those engines of the Law,
Instead of pinching vicious men,
Keep honest ones in awe !
Thy business is, as all men know,
To punish villains, not to make men so.*

Our Simeon Stylites duly went back to Newgate, but he was accorded liberty to write there, and he somehow found means to convey his manuscripts to the printers. Sweet are the uses of adversity. A biographer has said :

'It is no exaggeration to state that if Defoe had not been put in durance the world would never have heard of Colonel Jack or of Roxana, and *Moll Flanders* would never have been written. Even *Robinson Crusoe* would have lacked some of its most valuable touches. What Bedford Jail, some thirty years previous, had been to Bunyan, Newgate and the pillory were to Defoe. They taught him how to become immortal. Our most bitter enemies are sometimes our best friends.'

Another noteworthy sojourner in the pillory was a man of very different calibre, William Prynne, the Cato of his age, who lost his ears in order to be heard. His ears indeed were cropped twice ; he suffered ten imprisonments, inflicted by all parties ; sat in two Parliaments ; was both for and against Charles I ; inveighed against the Church, the stage, the drinking of healths and a score of other things ; wrote 200 works ; lived until he was almost seventy, and died as Chief Keeper of the Records of the Tower, a post

which Charles II thrust upon him in order to quieten his vitriolic and torrential pen.

It was due to his onslaught on the stage in high Puritanical blast that the pillory first pinioned him. The vehicle of this was the inimitable *Histriomastix, the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedie*, a ponderous volume of 1,100 pages upon which he expended seven years of toil. He was a B.A. of Oxford and a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and the book, which castigates the stage and all its traffickers as lewd, ungodly and idolatrous, is a mine of erudition, exploded with such recklessness as to crush its argument in the avalanche and turn diatribe into ineffectual vapouring.

The *Histriomastix* came under the fearsome purview of the Star Chamber. Our temerarious author had referred slightly to kings and to the 'women actresses' who were then coming into vogue, displacing the 'boy heroines.' Charles I's queen had herself been acting in a pastoral at Whitehall, and so it was held that her majesty was insulted. An indictment resulted in an amazing sentence: the book to be burnt, the author expelled from the Bar, deprived of his Oxford Degree, to stand in the pillory, to lose both his ears, to pay a fine of £5,000, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment.

Only two of these penalties came to fruition—the pillorying and the ear-shearing. Prynne was a dogged fighter and he circumvented his enemies in the end. A Don Quixote of the quill, he tilted at everything and tired out all his opponents until they left him at rest writing the histories of kings and serving on Parliamentary committees. He extracted from the national archives three volumes of supreme value to the historian. But he is chiefly remembered as a pilloried man who pilloried everyone.

MISS SPINK IS EXTRAVAGANT.

BY W. M. LETTS.

LADY THOMPSON was being kind and Miss Spink was receiving kindness. Instead of reading to an irritable, deaf old lady in an overheated room for the bright length of a spring afternoon, Miss Spink was being entertained; taken for a drive and given tea at the Manor Hotel, one of the lovely old houses where Henry VIII carried on his royal flirtation with Ann Boleyn. 'You know,' said Lady Thompson, 'they used to walk up and down that very yew walk that we see from this window.'

The waiter wheeled round his trolley of cakes at this moment and the two ladies gave an interested attention to their choice.

Miss Spink was enjoying herself with the careful enjoyment of those who lead an austere life. Her treats were few, and when she got one she sucked its enjoyment as poor children suck their toffees.

The luxury of tea in an hotel was something that might not occur once in her year. Usually she had a disturbed tea with Lady Thompson's mother before she returned to her duty of reading aloud to the old lady, who fell asleep for a chapter at a time and woke to complain of the incoherence and stupidity of the story. Miss Spink's thoughts wandered to Alice, the house-parlourmaid, who was taking her place to-day. Poor Alice! she would be tired by the time they came back. But meanwhile Emma Spink would enjoy herself perfectly, drop no crumb of this feast of life. All her senses were gratified. This panelled hall that still

kept the old pictures, its Spanish leather screens, its great chairs by the Tudor fireplace, enchanted her historic sense. The comfort of the warm room on a cool spring day, the hot tea, the pretty cakes, the thickly buttered toast were luxuries. Miss Spink for over fifty years had lived a frugal life. She did not have luxuries unless they were given to her. 'Doing without' had become a habit since her babyhood in a poor Parsonage. In her very modest bed-sitting-room she passed a good deal of her life ; it knew no luxury. Her one indulgence was a hot-water bottle which she filled for herself. But books (not the ones marked F for fiction) she considered a necessity—and she changed them every week at the Free Library. So the latest versions of history had not escaped her and she had read with an open mind all that could be told of the much-married king and poor Ann Boleyn.

Through her bifocal glasses she gazed through the mulioned windows at the lawns and walks of the old garden. Lady Thompson, who could not think of anything to discuss with one as familiar as a chair or table, poured out second cups of tea and looked at Miss Spink with some pity in her heart. Reading every afternoon to 'dear Mama' was not an easy task, but what, after all, would be the purpose of the Spinks of the world if these disagreeable duties did not fall to their share ? In the first place, what romance could ever fall to the lot of such a dull little woman ? Fate had made a joke of her at once—Spinkie, poor little Spinkie—that was all one could say. And as Miss Spink was not ornamental, surely she was only too glad to be useful. A little woman with pinched features, a pink nose, short-sighted eyes, straggly grey hair—what could she ask of life but the crumbs that fell unwanted from the tables of the ornamental and extravagant ? Unpleasant duties of

a domestic and parochial sort naturally fall to the lot of the plain and unalluring ; for them is the tidying-up after the banquet enjoyed by their gay and lovely sisters. The contrast between herself and her mother's reader had struck Lady Thompson one day as they stood together in the hall near the long mirror. One did wonder, for a moment, why all the gifts from curly copper beech hair to polished filbert nails, with the gamut of lovely eyes, delicate features and a white column of neck—one did wonder why all should be crammed into the cradle of one child and the other grow up to be a Miss Spink, so entirely useful but with no temptation to folly, not even 'the one good feature.' This realisation of the caprices of Fate made Lady Thompson suggest this afternoon of driving, ending with the hotel tea, which to her was nothing of an adventure, while it made Miss Spink's nose grow pinker with excitement.

Having been consciously kind, Lady Thompson fell into silence, enjoying her cream cake and taking stock of the other guests at their several tables. She saw the usual British families making merry in their own restrained and rather self-conscious fashion. The couple who took tea in silence might be husband and wife. The two matrons were friends enjoying a gossip that must be malicious to make them so animated. Then there was the dark-haired girl who was Pallas Athene to Miss Spink and a rich young woman dressed in Paris to Lady Thompson. The girl wore no hat and suggested somehow by perfect ease of manner and a humorous commanding way with the waiter that she was a resident in the hotel. She talked a good deal to the man opposite to her. Lady Thompson thought that he looked distinguished and unhappy. She wished she could ask him to dinner. Miss Spink felt that she knew his face. It had some literary connection in her

mind. Ah ! now she had it. She had seen his likeness in a publisher's catalogue. He was the author of novels censored in 'Holy Ireland.' His name was . . . what was it ? G . . . it began with G. Now she found it. Gervase Gunn. Miss Spink had a mental life of keen interests and observation. She could be outside her body so completely that she almost forgot the little elderly spinster who played so humble a part in life. What a young, free-born creature the girl looked. Evidently she had always been favoured by Fortune, but she had taken her gifts so joyously that she had not grown dull like Lady Thompson ; for Miss Spink did not hesitate to judge her employer and label her 'beautiful but boring.' This girl had a sort of lazy animation that delighted the observant little woman. Could Ann Boleyn, she wondered, have been like that ? If so, one could think tolerantly of Henry until the moment when he turned unfaithful. The American girl looked up, caught Miss Spink's eye, enlarged by her spectacles, and smiled. It was a slow, very friendly smile as if they had met before and had some joke in common.

Lady Thompson interrupted the smile on Miss Spink's face.

'I think we ought to go. Alice may be tired of reading Mama the paper. Mama would like to see you before you go home. Yes, we must peep into the old dining-hall and just look at the yew walk. It is a pleasant place. I could quite enjoy staying here.'

They got up and went into the dark, stately hall. Miss Spink was already out on the path when the American girl followed her, holding a little, shabby, black silk bag.

'You left this under your chair,' she said, smiling down at the stranger, 'and you'll sure miss your handkerchief or your puff or something. So I've just brought it right along to you.'

Miss Spink felt that she loved the accent of U.S.A. when this large kind creature used it. But all she said was: 'Thank you, I'm so very much obliged to you.'

It was, however, at this moment that an idea, dismissed as extravagant and absurd during tea-time, again assailed Miss Spink. She had said to herself: 'If I had money to squander I should come here for a week.'

She picked up a tariff card in the hall. 'Terms from seven guineas a week,' she read as the car drew up before the door. She pocketed the card. Seven guineas was a sum that had to last Miss Spink for as many weeks of her frugal life, so the idea of squandering it in the mere luxury of one week was absurd. And yet, as she drove away, she saw herself as a visitor walking these paths, sitting under these great trees, talking to the American girl.

'A nice-looking creature . . . but the dreadful accent,' Lady Thompson murmured at her side; 'they do dress well. I wonder who the man was . . . not American—interesting, I should think.'

Spring had nearly slipped into summer. But the evenings were cold enough for fires.

Lady Thompson's mother liked a large fire burning all day and she thought it foolish of Miss Spink to go to the window so often to look out.

'You'll catch a cold . . . and they're so infectious. You're hoarse to-day, I believe, I find it so hard to hear you.'

Miss Spink had thought that six o'clock would never come. Yet at last she was walking down the suburban road listening to the blackbird in the chestnut-tree, pausing to gaze at the silver and green perfection of a whitebeam, sniffing at the flowering currant over somebody's garden wall. She felt an elation that she could not explain. She

was no longer a weary elderly woman who earned money by duties that other people found too irksome ; she was a bodiless spirit moving among the leafing trees, singing with the birds, blowing on the wind. The air was full of an exquisite promise, that elusive happiness that belongs to a south-west wind, to the little whispering song of a willow-warbler, to the rift of blue among dove-wing clouds.

Miss Spink expected nothing but her landlady's friendly greeting and her supper of cocoa and bread and butter. But she found a letter. It was a legal letter and precise in wording. Even at the third reading Miss Spink could see no other meaning but that a friend of her mother's had left her a hundred and fifty pounds. She pencilled it on the envelope—£150.

If one had £100 it had, of course, to be invested even if only £3 annually could result from it. But £50, part of that might be spent . . . might even be squandered. Emma Spink had a small, inherited income on which she could contrive to live even when employment ceased. She had saved too against the 'rainy day' of prudent proverb. Why was it always a rainy day, why not save to have a sunny day, a sunny week ? A week—a week at a good hotel ? In an exalted moment she had promised herself a week at the Manor Hotel—why not ? She sat down in her window and looked out at the lovely green of the suburban trees. Her mind was poised for the flight of an adventure. But an hotel ! One had to bring an evening dress, and a new coat and hat would be necessary. What of it ? She had the money.

Emma Spink sat by her open window making her plans until the scented twilight fell and she switched on her light and wrote a letter to the Manor Hotel engaging a seven-guinea room for one week.

This was the time, for Lady Thompson had gone abroad, and 'dear Mama' was paying an annual visit, much dreaded by all concerned, to another married daughter. Miss Spink was unwanted, forgotten, her own mistress. She could set forth on her extravagant week without confession to anybody.

The next day she went out with several pounds in her pocket and took a train to town. She went by tube to Kensington High Street. For a time she wandered, looking eagerly into the windows for garments subdued yet becoming and of the most moderate price. She had a great dread of those lovely young blondes, red of nail and red of lip, creatures who condescend to ask if they can help 'Modom' in her choice. When at last she sought the department for evening dresses, she steered her way almost fiercely towards a grey-haired, kind-faced woman in black. Miss Spink explained a little breathlessly, 'an evening dress, a black one, lace or perhaps velvet, I hardly know which, but it must be at a very moderate price.' She explained that it was for dinner wear, at an hotel. The grave kind eyes were summing her up.

'Yes, I think we have the very thing for Madam, and really quite a bargain. It was a misfit, a little bit small for the lady. It may be large for Madam, but it could be altered. Just come to the dressing-room and we'll try it on.' The grey-haired assistant while searching for likely dresses encountered one of those young blondes whom Miss Spink so dreaded.

'What does old Aunt Maria want to-day?' asked the young and lovely one who was attending to her blood-red nails.

'What are *you* talking about, miss? Who's Aunt Maria?'

'Well, she looks like somebody's ancestor, don't she? Parisian Model, I suppose?'

'Look here, my girl, I know a lady when I meet one and I know how to treat her. Some of you young ones never saw a real lady.'

Young Miss Taylor accepted elderly Miss Smith's snub with a shrug and giggle. Miss Smith returned to the dressing-room to find Emma Spink in her grey celanese petticoat. The black lace dress was slipped over her head. The two women looked into the long mirror.

'Now *that* is Madam's style exactly, just the thing I'd advise for a dinner dress. Shall I call the fitter and have these few alterations done?'

The fitter and Miss Smith were friends. They were middle-aged and kindly. They took an interest in the little elderly woman and her projected holiday and Miss Spink asked about their holidays, and soon knew quite a lot about them both, so that the fitting ended in a friendly conference. Miss Smith offered advice. What about a black and white foulard silk for day wear with a black coat and a black and white hat? She knew the very dress and it was so reasonable too. You had to know the stock to put your finger on the very thing.

Miss Spink was spending fast, but she knew that these purchases would do duty for years. Miss Smith was not content until she had conducted her customer to the hat department and consigned her to the care of a pretty young woman who met her with a smile.

'Miss Cooper, I want you to find Madam a black straw with black and white trimming, ribbons or mount perhaps. It must be just Madam's style, Miss Cooper; don't waste time in trying on these things——' Miss Smith waved her hand towards the airy vagaries of fashion that pretty

young typists perch on their heads. Miss Cooper, looking at the customer, remembered a grand-aunt who taught in Sunday School and gave her five shillings every Christmas. She knew what would suit that small grey head, the brim that would shade the spectacled eyes. She was kind, almost filial in her zeal to get just the right thing at a small price. Miss Spink flushed with extravagance and excitement, thanked the girl and went out well pleased to get a cup of coffee and a bun, for one can at least save on one's lunch.

So, a few days later, with her purchases in her suit-case and hat-box, Miss Spink drove up to the Manor Hotel. The hall-porter had no idea that the little lady for No. 17, quiet little spinster as she looked, was quivering with a sense of adventure. Everything was exciting, the shallow stairs, the dark polished boards; the pretty bedroom looking down upon flowering chestnut-trees, and along the famous yew walk where the royal rascal courted poor Ann. Miss Spink's suit-case was heavier with history books than with clothes. She could unpack in a few minutes and range her books about her. Her mother's photograph she brought with her always.

'Darling, darling mother! If only you could share this with me,' Emma Spink whispered, remembering the deprivations of the Parsonage.

Could the human race but purr, it is certain that Miss Spink would have raised a very rumble of content. She sat by the open window in an easy chair until it was time to dress for dinner; then she got into the lace dress, clasped her mother's seed pearls about her neck, pinned a pearl brooch into the lace at her breast and went shyly but gaily down to the dining-room.

A man and woman were finishing a seven-o'clock dinner at a table near hers. In a flash, in spite of short sight, Miss

Spink recognised them. It was the American girl and her former companion, the author, Gervase Gunn. The elderly lady bowed with a nervous little gesture of recognition. The young American jumped up and came to her with outstretched hand.

'Well, isn't that just too splendid? You've come back again? I saw you loved this place. You're like me, it just gets me all the time—poor Ann Boleyn and that great fat Henry . . . I shiver, but I look for them every moonlight night. You're spending the night? A week! But that's marvellous! We'll have a wonderful time together. You haven't brought the Countess this time?'

'Lady Thompson?' Miss Spink corrected. 'She's not a countess, a knight's widow.'

'Is that so? Well, she looks a countess, but just a wee bit heavy as some of your wonderful British aristocrats do. Now it's too bad I'm going to the theatre on your first night, but Mr. Gunn and I have a date together. Oh! you don't know Mr. Gunn? But that's fine, for I'll introduce you. Miss . . . Miss . . . why! I don't think I ever heard your name.'

'Spink.'

'Miss Spink, meet Mr. Gervase Gunn, the author of all those simply marvellous novels.'

Mr. Gervase Gunn bowed as coldly as Miss Spink did. They showed no sign of mutual interest and the big girl looked a little downcast. 'I guess you don't know my name either,' she began; 'it's Ann Chance and I'm an American. But we'll talk later, won't we? I'm afraid your soup has been getting cold.'

Miss Spink watched them drive away together.

'Dear me! nearly as bad as Henry VIII and Ann Boleyn,' she said to herself.

To Ann Chance, Mr. Gunn was gloomy.

'Why this sudden craze for elderly oddities?' he asked.

'But she isn't odd, she's a type.'

'An abhorrent type—the elderly spinster of Britain, narrow, boring, Philistine, a brake on the wheels of progress. You only encouraged her out of caprice, just to annoy me.'

Ann Chance laughed and let the car out at top speed because it made Mr. Gunn nervous.

'But you're all wrong,' she explained; 'if I were a great author like you I'd study all types. You only care about the non-moral. Well, that old lady is what I call a *real* old lady, the sort my mother used to meet in England. I'm going to study her.'

'Your tastes are original—I'd call her the obvious type of a boring old maid—curate's help, secretary to all the Tame Tabby societies. Why must we discuss her?'

'You started it, Gervase, so I'm going on. I've a queer feeling about that old lady. I had the day I saw her. I kind of feel she's going to influence my life. I never expected to see her here again, I thought she was somebody's companion, but she seems to be here on her own and I'm going to give her a good time, driving around while you write your novel.'

'You know I can't write, Ann, while you keep me in suspense. This ghastly waiting for your decision is wrecking me. If you'd only be brave, live your life, come to me, live adventurously, I could write. The greatest novel of the decade should be dedicated to you. But you love to play the cat's game, to tantalise your victim. You and I could do anything. I'm a free man now.'

'You made your wife divorce you?'

'Made? Sheila was reasonable and saw how unsuited

we were. We each resolved to live our own life. It was entirely for the best. A man cannot wreck his career for domesticities. You are wiser in America about these affairs.'

Ann Chance, guiding her car, smiled to herself and then in other interests she forgot Miss Spink.

One of the extravagances of the extravagant week was to be 'early tea.' Never had Miss Spink had tea brought to her bedside and it seemed to her the luxury most desirable. To sit up in her little pink flannel bedjacket and sip her tea slowly and read a book before she got up, this was to taste the delights of the rich. The maid who brought her tray was an Irish girl. Miss Spink soon found that her name was Bridey and that she came from Wicklow. She was a red-headed, confidential girl, very ready to talk. She pulled open the curtains and raised the blind, telling Miss Spink all about the lovely May morning.

'Miss Chance is goin' out riding,' she went on : 'I brought her her tea a while back. She's a lovely young lady and as simple as a child. God send she's not too simple for some. Anyone would take to her—she's so easy, always the one way, and for all she's so rich she's plain ; you wouldn't find a plainer young lady.'

A voice gay as Pippa's when she passed came from the corridor.

'Bridey, I believe you're talking about me ! Is that Miss Spink's room and may I come in ?'

Emma Spink thought of Atalanta, then corrected herself, for Atalanta did not wear riding coat and breeches. A Valkyrie ? Diana of the Crossways ? The radiant morning sat down without more ado on her bed.

'I'm going for my morning ride,' she said, 'but I want to

have a date with you. Suppose we drive this afternoon : Shall we go to Knole or Penshurst ? I'll be your guide to English history. My ! wouldn't that be fun, an American teaching a real true Britisher history ? And I guess you're a conservative. You sit out under the trees this lovely morning and read your books and the paper and I'll come right along to you about eleven and we'll make our plans.'

So, amazingly to Emma Spink, the day began and so each day continued. It was one of the perfect weeks of early summer when each cloudless day rises from the morning mists and lingers until the sun sinks into an amber west. Either in the morning or in the afternoon she drove out in the gay sports car that looked the antithesis of Miss Spink's elderly figure. With Ann Chance she lunched in pleasant old English inns or had tea in sunny gardens under flowering chestnut-trees. And during these golden hours she learnt very much of the American's past life in her own home and in Europe and of her indecision about the future. She should marry, but of course she must marry. But the man was the problem. She wanted a man with a career. Her money, her energy could help the right man. If she liked him she would never rest until he was in the foremost rank of fame.

'How you could help a doctor !' Miss Spink exclaimed, as they sat discussing the matter under the trees.

Ann Chance started.

'Whatever makes you suggest a doctor ?' she asked. 'I'd hate the life—a man who's always late for dinner and can never keep a date, and always thinking of other people's diseases. Oh no, Miss Spink, you must try again. What about a literary man ? Couldn't I help him ? I could take him everywhere. I'd have a *salon* for him. He should know everyone, go everywhere—I'd criticise his books—'

'But, my dear, he'd hate that. Surely husbands don't allow criticism?'

The American opened her lovely mouth.

'My! Aren't you perfectly Teutonic? My husband would just be spoonfed with criticism.'

The girl returned rather moodily to the doctor topic.

'I knew a boy at home. He would be a doctor and now he thinks of nothing else—post-graduate courses, rickets at Vienna, gynæcology in Dublin. I don't think his old friends weigh a straw with him against his profession.'

'That is fine,' said Miss Spink.

'His wife would have to give up too much.'

'Think how a clever, energetic woman can help a man like that. She makes the happy home background that he needs so badly. She entertains for him. If she does not share his work, she makes his life a thing of joy, not toil.'

Ann shook her head.

'Perhaps if I saw him . . . I mean perhaps if I met that type of man again I'd have the courage to marry him. But "out of sight, out of mind," you know, Spinkie dear.'

She went off across the levels of sunny grass. And so ended the last day but one.

The last day began as usual with Bridey and the tea-tray.

Miss Spink awoke with a consciousness of finality. 'My last day, Bridey!'

'I wish it were your first, miss. We'll be terrible quiet without you.'

'Quiet? Why? Am I so noisy?'

'I mean lonesome, miss. And Miss Chance will be lonesome. What will she do at all?'

'But Miss Chance is never lonesome. Everyone runs after her.'

'Some runs too hard.'

Bridey came back from the washstand and stood by the bed.

'Miss, for God's sake, can you not save Miss Chance from that man? I'm telling you the truth, he's no husband for her. He's bad—as bad as the egg I had for me breakfast just now. I know it, for me own cousin was general to him and the wife.'

'Do you mean Mr. Gunn, Bridey?'

'I do so. The man's a villyain. Me cousin said the wife was a dear little one, plain and good, an' she did everything for Mr. Gunn. She'd eat margarine all war-time to give him the little butter that was in it. An' the children were dotes. But for all that he must be after other women, spendin' the money on them that should a clothed his own family. Looka, miss, I saw them out last night on the yew walk and you should speak before you go.'

'I'll see, Bridey. I must act carefully.'

'But your last day, miss—'

Her last day—Miss Spink had learnt the economy of enjoyment that extracts the last drop of its flavour. She determined to spend the day in quiet contemplation of its bliss, in recollection of the past week. Accordingly she took her books out to the shade of the chestnut and sat down there. To her came Ann Chance, dressed it seemed for town.

'Spinkie dear, it's too disappointing. I was going to spend all the day with you, but I've had a letter from a cousin who's in London for the day. I just have to meet her for lunch at one-thirty at the Overseas Club. She says she'll expect me. But I'll come back in the afternoon to take you out.'

'My dear, I'm perfectly happy. Go with my blessing.'

'Mr. Gunn may be out . . .'

'He can leave me any message for you.'

Ann laughed sardonically and went off, her tall white figure catching the light as she moved. The sports car buzzed away and Miss Spink was alone.

But not for long was she to be alone. The Hotel Buttons came to her across the grass. Miss Spink had given him toffee and he liked her.

'Excuse me, Madam, there's a telephone message for Miss Chance, and the porter thought you might be meeting her before she comes back here.'

'What is it, Jim?'

'It's from Mr. Gunn. He'll meet Miss Chance at the Dover Street Tube at seven o'clock, and to remind her that it's his lecture night.'

'Very well, thank you, Jim. I'll write it down.'

An hour of peaceful reading and meditation slid by. Then again came interruption. This time the figure that came towards her was strange, a tall young man in a light grey suit. He looked very spring-like and young. He carried his hat and he smiled before he reached her.

He spoke in the accent of America.

'Do forgive me for interrupting you, but I came to see Miss Ann Chance, and the hotel porter says you know all her plans and that you might help me to find her. The bother is that I'm going on to Vienna to-morrow night and I want to see Ann . . . She and I were schoolmates, way back in history.'

Miss Spink laughed up at him through her bifocal glasses.

'That wasn't very long back,' she said.

She gave him her hand and he bowed over it as if she were a princess. Emma Spink realised the deference to woman still left in a pioneering people. She marvelled, for she

accepted the British-Teutonic attitude to her sex when plain and elderly, a relegation to the serviceable order.

'You're going for a post-graduate course?' she asked.

'My! But you must be a psychic! How do you know that I'm a doctor?'

'I knew it at once . . . I just felt it.'

The young man sat down on the garden seat beside her. His clever, boyish face was beaming.

'Anything else you know, wise woman?' he asked.

'I might. I've never tried Palmistry, but I'd like to read your hand.'

'Sure! do. Come right along with it.'

'You're a doctor . . . very keen on your profession. You were in Dublin lately for a course. I see marks of perseverance, some obstinacy. You must guard against pride. You . . . you wouldn't like to be beholden to a woman for help in . . . say, your profession, or in any financial way. But you have great capacity for love and faithfulness. If you loved a woman she would be your one star.'

The young man nodded and sighed.

'That sounds like Richard Charteris all right.'

'You are an idealist. But you must grasp your star. I see a danger. You have an enemy who threatens what you love best.'

'An enemy? I didn't know it.'

'I'm not sure that you know him. I think not. But he is an evil influence threatening someone you love.'

The young man looked profoundly serious. He gazed into the spectacled eyes.

'What do you see for me . . . fortune or misfortune?'

'The future is vague. You are at the cross-roads now. All turns on yourself, the road you take. I can't tell you more, you've come to the critical time.'

Dr. Charteris left his hand in hers.

'You're evidently a seer. How could you know I was in Dublin? Tell me one more thing. Can you say where Ann Chance is at the moment?'

'Not at the moment. I know you will find her at the Overseas Club for lunch at one-thirty. If I were you I should go at once.'

'You won't think me abrupt? I'm overwhelmed with gratitude. You seem a good angel and a sibyl combined. *Au revoir.*'

Emma Spink watched the tall buoyant figure striding towards the gate.

'My dear Emma,' she said softly, 'who would think it of you? Match-making, advising . . . oh! this wonderful week. I shall never mind dull times again.'

True to her word, Ann Chance came back at tea-time. She had the young doctor with her. She came across the grass to the tea-table.

'I knew you'd influence my life,' she said; 'I had a hunch that time I saw you first. Now, Spinkie dear, we're going to have a little dinner together, just we three. We'll have cocktails first and champagne to pledge the most marvellous friendship. This doctor of mine is head over ears for you. He says you're the most intuitive, enchanting woman he's met—except me.'

Miss Spink beamed.

'My dear, you charming young Americans drink too much alcohol. With your buoyancy and vitality you don't need it. And I've no head nor wish for cocktails or champagne. Isn't happiness enough?'

'As you like, Spinkie dear, always wise. But we'll take you a lovely drive after dinner.'

'No, Ann. I shall be busy packing and I want to rest. You will drive to Penshurst with Dr. Charteris. You will tell him about Sir Philip Sydney—there'll be lots to talk about.'

Ann removed her cigarette to stoop and kiss the elderly lady.

'Very well ! But we'll come back and tell you all about it, so don't go to bed too early. Sit in my room with the wireless.'

'I will. I'll wait for you.'

So it was that Miss Spink sat through the sunsetting hour by Ann's window. She saw the sky turn amber and the west, blue as a scilla, flush to a faint pink. Then the time of silhouettes came softly. The dark planes of the cedars were inky black against the burning copper of the low sky. It was after ten o'clock and Miss Spink still sat dreaming when a very angry man burst into the room. He only saw a figure on the sofa.

'Ann !' he exclaimed, 'why didn't you come ? I waited for you at Dover Street. I'd no time for dinner, I . . .'

Then he noticed the silhouetted head of the woman by the window, the sleek curve of it, the skimpy bob behind.

'Oh ! I beg your pardon, Miss Spink. I thought Miss Chance was here.'

'She has gone out, Mr. Gunn. She went out after dinner.'

'I don't understand. She was to meet me at Dover Street and dine. She was coming to my lecture on modern authors. I waited for a dozen trains and had no time for dinner. Did she not get my message ?'

'She got it too late, Mr. Gunn. She was out in the afternoon with a friend from America.'

'Why was the message not given to her at once?'

'Because I had the message and thought Miss Chance too busy to attend to it.'

Gervase Gunn came nearer. A youthful habit of shouting when angry returned to him.

'Too busy to attend to me? What do you mean, Madam? What right have you anyhow to decide for her or for me? Your damned interference may have wrecked two lives.'

Miss Spink turned towards him; her face was flushed, but he only saw it shadowed and menacing.

'You needn't shout, Mr. Gunn, I can hear perfectly. And please restrain your language. Of what are you complaining?'

'I complain of an old maid like you coming here for a week and trying to poke her finger into the destiny of others. You may have wrecked things too deep for your vulgar understanding. Who is this American friend you're gabbling about?'

'A Dr. Charteris who seems to have known Miss Chance from childhood. I gather that they are engaged. If I were you, Mr. Gunn, I should go home. You are upsetting yourself and being very discourteous.'

'Discourteous! Do you know what this "upset," as you call it, means to me? What do you know of love in your arid life?'

'Nothing, perhaps, Mr. Gunn. But I believe you have known the love of a most excellent wife. You threw it away. Now as Miss Chance may be late, I won't detain you.'

Miss Spink heard the door bang. She turned her face to the twilight, to the scent of the cluster roses, to the zigzag flight of a bat. She laughed softly and pulled her shawl round her, for the evening wind was cool.

'Poor Ann Boleyn,' she murmured, 'if only someone had warned you.'

A clock struck ten. It reminded her that the extravagant week was all but over.

IN THE WILY NIGHT.

*These are the hours of pebbled dreams,
with a lullay, ly, lo in the wily night,
and candleless we make our way,
a battered cloud clutched in our hand,
on our lips the rasp of sand
pricking away the saffron light ;
still sleep amberly, lullay.*

*Beguiled by a too long Lethe, oh,
with a lullay, ly, lo in the wily night
whose owl will hoot the moon away,
while we glide with a silken speed
wherever the spell of rose should lead ;
a prickled depth, a breathless height,
nor break the reverie, lullay !*

*We cannot face the slapping sun,
with a lullay, ly, lo from the wily night ;
and burned by the half-expected day
our hearts must be cut by different knives—
new lords toss dice for our frightened lives ;
so melts the restless, brief delight—
whisper soft, lullay, lullay.*

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

BY THE WAY.

'MAD as a March hare'—'merry as the March wind'—various are the adjectives by which poets, and lesser folk, have tried to describe the month to which the world has now come. What is the most fitting adjective for March, 1938? We used to speak of 'the year of grace'—we must find a new language to-day. Wars that have never been declared continue to be waged, countries heave and rock, governments and heads fall, surrealists hold exhibitions undismayed. A mad world, perhaps; a merry one, certainly not. As private individuals and as members of corporations assessed for the National Defence Contribution we have each and all of us helped to make—well, if not the world safe for democracy, at any rate our own loved country safe against aggression. Let us be of good heart: that is done, our depleted bank balances prove it, it is in the past, the worst quarter of the year, financially and atmospherically, is well advanced, the days are lengthening, buds are breaking, Spring is at hand, there is Hope for all, even if there is not Peace.

* * *

A well-known writer, recently reviewing—as is the present exceedingly bad custom—the latest book of another well-known writer in a similar field to his own, contrasted it with a former book from the same pen in the following words, 'He is not writing, as there, with an icicle dipped in a bed of tulips.' I cannot recall anyone ever trying to write with an icicle, but, if anyone did and by way of preparation—or in a moment of absent-mindedness—dipped

it in a bed of tulips (or, for that matter, turnips—either would have precisely the same result), he would find as a consequence that he had succeeded only in making an earthy smudge upon the paper. And that, it is quite clear from the second sentence, 'he writes confidentially and quietly as though he were explaining the pictures to a possibly impatient young draughtsman,' was not in the least what the reviewer intended to convey. But what did he intend to convey? I have an uneasy feeling that the only possible comment upon his sentence is that historically made by Macaulay when Robert Montgomery rashly imagined 'streams meandering level with their fount,' namely—'now this I take to be the very worst similitude in the world.'

* * *

As, during the last hundred years, old files, memoranda, and bundles of letters have yielded up their secrets to skilled investigation, gradually every detail of those days, memorable in the history of English literature, which saw the successive deaths in rapid succession of Keats, Shelley, and Byron, has become the property of the reading world—and not as concerning the three poets only, but the many women of importance to them also. Last year saw, as regards Keats, the publication both of the letters of Fanny Brawne and Fanny Keats and of Marie Adami's completion of her researches into the life story of the latter and the letters from John, now the property of the British nation; the many-sided archives of Albemarle Street have fully revealed the numerous inamorata of Byron; and now R. Glynn Grylls has published *Mary Shelley* (Oxford University Press, 18s. n.), a brilliant study including much new correspondence and other material placed at the biographer's disposal by Sir John Shelley-Rolls. The result is a definitive reconstruction: all the personages come vividly to life and

even the well-known facts of the tragedy of Lerici Bay acquire fresh significance, presented throughout through the mind of Mary. This is indeed a notable piece of literary biography: Byron, it is true, comes out very badly, his comment to Hoppner on the Shelleys is even more unforgivable than his refusal, after Shelley's death, to repay Mary the money he owed her—it was supplied to her need by Trelawney—but Mary herself is securely established with her fine mind and generous heart, no shadowy figure but a living, loving, and, in later life, proud and courageous woman whose fortunes, even apart from the perennial interest attaching to Shelley, it was eminently worth while thus to present: and the book is none the worse for occasional caustic *obiter dicta*, as, for instance, the statement 'loyalty like gratitude is a bastard virtue that dishonours both its parents'; holding this unusual view, the author's praise is given to Mary, not for her loyalty to Shelley's memory, but for her appreciation of his uniqueness—and no doubt from a biographical point of view she is right.

★ ★ ★

In spite of the essential sanity of all great poets (and this is not falsified, but confirmed even by Shelley) it is a tenaciously rooted popular conviction that everyone of a poetical turn of mind must necessarily fly into passions, throw things about and generally behave in a way quite unsuited to rational life. All those who hold such a conviction may at any rate rest with satisfaction upon the habits of Verlaine and Rimbaud. Immoral, drunken, orgiastic, violent, and degraded throughout all the days of their association together, the two French poets supply an abundance of powder and shot to all objectors to poetry. In a biography in miniature which he has called *Sketch for a Portrait of Rimbaud* (Brendin Publishing Co., 3s. 6d.), Hum-

phrey Hare has set down all that need be known about the life of that precocious phenomenon of whom it can be said, 'he was not yet twenty-six but already the poet had been dead for seven years': Mr. Hare's attempt is to reconcile the youth lusting in his teens for power in terms of poetry and the traveller scornful of poetry continuing his restless life until his death in misery, aged thirty-seven. It is an interesting, though hardly edifying, little study.

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A recent autobiography of interest which is mainly literary—though the author, over age at the time, served with distinction in the War—is Mr. W. B. Maxwell's *Time Gathered* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d. n.). Mr. Maxwell brings to the record of his personal experiences not merely the practised pen which has served him so well as a novelist but an individuality which has brought him in contact ever since his childhood with people of note in many professions. The son of M. E. Braddon whom, as he records, he adored from an early age, he was set by inheritance as well as predilection—though he began as an artist—amongst all the people prominent in literary circles from Wilkie Collins onwards; and this 'very strong interest that I took in all sorts of people,' as he says of himself, has lasted until the present time. The result is a gallery of lightly and vivaciously depicted people, portrayed with interest and without malice: Mr. Maxwell concludes by setting down kindness as the main lesson he has learnt on his journey through life.

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From the house of Longmans come two novels of crime to which attention may fitly be drawn. They are totally dissimilar, but are on that very account worth reading as a pair—a study in contrast which might perhaps not inap-

propriately be called the contrast between the professional and the amateur—not the professional and the amateur, as might be supposed, in matters literary, but the professional and the amateur in crime. The two books are *The Wheels*, by James Spenser, and *The Guilt is Plain*, by David Frome (both 7s. 6d. n.): both have published books before, several of them, and are therefore no novices in book construction; but there is no reason to suppose that Mr. David Frome has ever been personally experienced in criminal achievement, whereas Mr. James Spenser, the author of 'Limey' and other autobiography, has revealed with unusual frankness his own years in the underworld both of England and America. *The Wheels* is not autobiography any more: it is a fictional representation of the underworld, presented by one who writes of what he knows—no doubt, for the purposes of fiction, the colours are all heightened, but it is none the worse for that: it is skilfully told and quite as exciting a yarn as any reasonable reader could possibly demand; in fact, of its kind it is extraordinarily good, and not the least interesting part is the evidence marshalled both of the efficiency of Scotland Yard and of the often-ignored truth that, whereas the detective can afford to lose, occasionally, the criminal who loses, if only once, is deprived for a considerable time of further opportunities for crime. *The Guilt is Plain* is crime invented, not experienced, but it is very ingeniously invented. There is the usual murder in a public place with whole batches of possible murderers; it is followed by a second, and throughout all the investigations into these and into the habits of a household of which every member is, if not unbalanced, at any rate extremely peculiar, wanders the absurd little Evan Pinkerton and the misleading passivity of Inspector Bull. Maybe, the story is over-elaborate, but many readers like that, and it is all

worked out ingeniously to the concluding satisfaction of all—save the perpetrator.

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Readers of CORNHILL will also be glad to have their attention drawn to the appearance of two other books which, for all their differences, have points in common. Both are essentially collections of short stories—though the first has an underlying unity of place and purpose—and both are by writers whose work has long been familiar to, and appreciated by, readers of CORNHILL. The first is M. de B. Daly's *The Ant's Nest* (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. n.) and the second Richard Findlay's *Quest* (Murray, 7s. 6d. n.). The title chosen by Miss Daly is perhaps a trifle misleading : it suggests a scene of workers—it is in truth Sant'Anna, on the Italian Riviera, where few work and all gossip : there are eight studies of the result, two of which originally appeared in these pages, studies mainly of femininity told with a keen power of observation and animated by more than a little of the spirit of satire. They make excellent light reading. Mr. Findlay's vein is sterner : through each of his stories runs the spirit not of satire but of adventure, death braved on land and sea and in air : often he achieves his most dramatic effects by an economy of statement, a directness, almost a simplicity, as though that which he is narrating was inevitable. For all the host who attempt them, the real writers of short stories are always few : in her own line, Miss Daly proves herself a delicate and successful artist ; in his, there are several stories and not a few passages which almost suggest that upon Mr. Findlay may be descending a part of the mantle that was Kipling's—and not only is his knowledge of the air first-hand, but his use of it first-rate.

G.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 173.

PRIZES of books to the value of £1, from John Murray's catalogue, are offered to the two solvers whose letters are first opened. Answers, containing the coupon from page iv, must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must reach him by 30th March.

'Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice
With ——— and ———, theorbo and voice !'

1. 'Ye blessèd ———, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;'
2. 'What men or gods are these ? What maidens ——— ?
What mad pursuit ?'
3. 'With frogs for their watch-dogs
All night ———'
4. 'He tore out a reed, the great god Pan
From the deep cool bed of the ——— ;'
5. 'No Nightingale did ——— chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands'
6. 'Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense ——— quicken'

Answer to Acrostic 171, January number : 'Like music on my heart'
(Coleridge : 'The Ancient Mariner'). 1. MucH (Robert Southey :
'His Books'). 2. UsE (Landon : 'Mother, I cannot mind my wheel').
3. SophonisbA (Sir John Suckling : 'A Doubt of Martyrdom'). 4.
IngloR(ious) (Gray's 'Elegy'). 5. ClefT ('The Ancient Mariner').

The first correct answers opened were sent by Mrs. M. H. Pearce,
35 Utttoxeter Road, Mickleover, and N. P. Cowan, Esq., British Consulate,
Port Said, Egypt, who are invited to choose books as mentioned above.
N.B.—Sources need not be given.

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